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"THE YOUNG DOCTOR WHO HELPS" (page 63)

# EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS

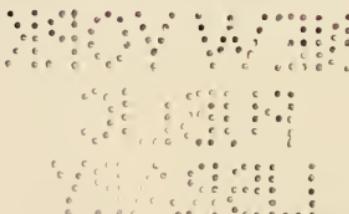
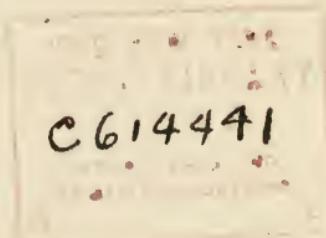
BY

ELIZA ORNE WHITE



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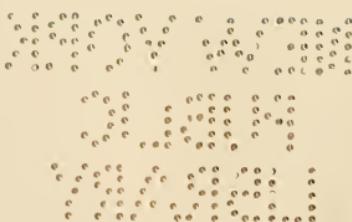
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W. H. D. B.  
1900  
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## EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS

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### A CHRISTMAS TREE REHEARSAL

EDNAH had three brothers, but on rainy days, when they were all together in the house, it seemed sometimes as if she had six. The house was not nearly such an interesting place to play in as the great meadow, that stretched away to the distant river, where all sorts of boats, big and little, plied their busy way up and down the stream. A brook ran through the meadow,— a delightful little brook, so small that the children could step across it, and yet large enough for various kinds of boats, some of them very simple craft, in fact nothing but plain sticks, and others more elaborate, with miniature sails. There were hemlock-trees in the meadow, and some of these grew near the house. The children always called them Christmas trees.

Ednah was the oldest of the family, although this does not mean that she had reached an advanced age, but only that the others were very young. She

was nine, and Donald, the brother who came next her, was just a year younger, Gordon was seven, and little Jack was only five.

It was December, the month of Christmas trees, and a clear, cold, crisp day. It had been storming all the week, not snowing,—there would have been some fun in that,—but raining, in a plodding, prosaic way. The children were delighted to have this bright day come, and ran out into the frosty air with shouts of glee. It was so cold that the grown-up people preferred to stay in the house. What pleasure they could find in sitting by a fire and talking about people and books when they might have been out of doors, the children could not imagine.

“I hope I shall never get so old that I shan’t like to climb trees,” said Gordon, as they made a rush for their coats and hats the moment dinner was over.

“I know I never shall,” said Ednah. “When I get to be an old, old lady, I’m going to have my maid help me up into my favorite tree, and I shall sit there dressing dolls for a fair. Old ladies do dress dolls. I suppose it is because they like to play with them and are ashamed to say so. I shall play with the dolls until some one comes around, and

then I shall begin to sew very fast. I don't think it would be so bad to be grown up if you only took it the right way."

"I'm going to climb into that little Christmas tree," said Donald.

"You are a great deal too big; you'll break it down," Gordon remonstrated. "I'm going to climb into it myself."

"I'm not too big."

The two boys ran towards the tree, which was not very much larger than they were. Gordon got there first, and began to climb up very fast to get ahead of Donald. The little tree swayed back and forth as if Gordon were a tornado. Presently there came an ominous crack, and in another minute boy and tree were lying on the ground in a confused mass of branches and legs and arms.

"I didn't think it was such a small tree; I didn't know it was going to break like that," Gordon exclaimed ruefully. "What will father and mother say?"

"They won't mind, they've got so many others," said Ednah. "Poor little hemlock! It must be perfectly horrid to be a live little tree, all well and strong, and then have a great clumsy boy come along and break your back."

“The tree won’t mind,” said Gordon contemptuously.

“I tell you what we’ll do; we’ll take it into the house and play it is a little Christmas tree,” his sister suggested; “and we’ll tie on make-believe presents, and invite in father and mother and Aunt Grace, and call it a ‘Christmas Tree Rehearsal.’”

Ednah felt sorry for the little hemlock, although she did not dare to say any more on the subject; she thought, however, that if you were a little tree and had had your back broken, it would be some comfort to have Christmas presents put on your branches.

The children could not take the tree into the house without getting an axe to chop the trunk off, so they decided it would be best to ask their father to help them.

He was at work in the large studio by the barn, a fascinating place full of clay people, some of them whole and dressed in clay clothes, and others with only their heads and shoulders modeled. There were clay animals too, horses and cows and dogs, which especially delighted the children. Sometimes when they were very good they were allowed to play there. Up a little flight of stairs there was another smaller studio, where their mother worked. This

room was full of paintings and black-and-white illustrations, which were not nearly so amusing as the clay people.

When their father heard how the little hemlock had been broken, he very good naturally left his work and took it into the house for them.

“How shall we ever make the tree stand up straight?” Donald asked, when their father had left it in the back parlor that was their playroom.

Ednah was a person of resources, and after a moment’s thought it occurred to her that they could get the large basket of blocks with which they built their castles in Spain, and put the trunk down in the centre, piling the blocks up around it and tying it to the basket.

“There, now we have a lovely little Christmas tree,” she said, when this had been successfully accomplished. “First we must get candles; Christmas trees always have candles, and then we must decide on the presents.”

“You can’t fasten a candle on unless it is in one of those socket things, and we have n’t any,” Gordon objected.

“We shall have candles,” said Ednah, who was never dashed by trifles. “We ’ll get all the candlesticks in the house, and put them in a ring around

the bottom of the tree, and they 'll have a grand effect when the candles are lighted."

The children ran off and began to hunt for candlesticks. They found seven: two brass candlesticks in the shape of swans which they took down from the parlor mantelpiece, two large tin bedroom candlesticks, one painted red and another blue, a silver candlestick, and two china ones. These they arranged in a row around the bottom of the basket of blocks, for they found they could not put them any nearer the tree without fear of setting it on fire.

"We must have something bright on the branches to make them look pretty," said Ednah. "I think it would be fun to cut stars out of tissue paper."

Ednah always had a great many useful possessions, and she went up stairs and ransacked her drawers. She brought down some sheets of tissue paper,— red, blue, and yellow, and also a charming doll in a gray gown, with a red cape and hat to complete her costume.

"What have you brought Geraldine down for?" Gordon asked.

"She 's the present I 'm going to have."

"But she is yours already."

"I know it. Now you boys must each bring me something you like very much,— tin soldiers or picture books."

“What for?” Jack inquired.

“For the presents. Don’t you see everybody must have at least one present?”

“But suppose Gordon got my soldiers, I would never get ’em back again,” remarked the practical Jack.

“It’s only pretending. Everybody will have their own things back afterwards. Now first we’ll cut out the stars.”

They were queer lopsided stars, for the children had no pattern to go by; but what they lacked in finish they made up in number and brilliancy, and when the ends of the branches were put through them they had a very fine effect, all red and blue and yellow. The next thing to do was to decide on the rest of the presents.

“I think it will be very nice to give Aunt Grace her ‘Rhymes for Children,’ ” said Ednah. “As she wrote the book herself, she will be sure to like it.”

“That will be just the thing,” exclaimed the boys, much pleased with the tact of this suggestion.

“I’m going to give mother the little water-color sketch she made for me,” said Ednah.

“You do have such splendid ideas,” said Donald.

When the presents were all decided on, the children went out into the kitchen to see if Bridget

could give them anything for their Christmas feast, and she was so much interested in their plans that she let them have a plateful of delicious cookies.

“And sure I ’ll make afternoon-tea for you, Miss Ednah,” she said, “with real lemon and sugar and hot water in it, and everything like what the grown people have, barring the tea.”

“Of course we must have Santa Claus,” Ednah stated, as they came back from the kitchen with the plate of cookies. “Gordon, you must not eat any more cookies now; there won’t be enough left.”

Every one wanted to be Santa Claus, even Ednah, although she knew her chances were small on account of her sex.

“Jack will have to be Santa Claus,” she decided, “because he has a red sweater; he can wear his red Tam O’Shanter, too. And, dear me! What shall we do for a beard? I shall have to make one out of white paper. I ’ll slit it the way mother does for the frills on the swan candlesticks, and I ’ll put a string in and fasten it around Jack’s neck.”

Jack, in spite of his beard, presented rather a youthful appearance.

“He does n’t look much like Santa Claus,” said Donald doubtfully. “Do you suppose anybody will know who he is?”

“I am afraid not,” said Ednah ; “we shall have to tell them.”

“We might write ‘Santa Claus’ on a piece of paper and pin it on his back,” Donald suggested.

“That is a good idea.”

Ednah got a sheet of paper and wrote in a bold hand, so the name could be seen across the room, “Santa Klause.”

“It does n’t look just right,” said Donald. “Are you sure that is the way to spell it? I think it is S-a-n-t-y C-l-a-w-s.”

“That is the way the cat’s claws are spelled,” said Ednah. “I’m sure Santa Claus is different. Is n’t there a K in it? Gordon, how do you think Santa Claus is spelled?”

“S-a-n-t-a K-l-a-w-s,” said Gordon, who was never at a loss for an opinion.

Emboldened by his confidence, Ednah wrote on the other side of the paper, “Santa Klaws.”

“It does n’t look just right, yet,” said Ednah, “but any one will know who he is, even if his name is spelled wrong ;” and when the large sheet was pinned securely to the middle of the back of Jack’s red sweater, it would have been a very near-sighted person who would not have known who he was.

When everything was ready Donald went to summon the family.

“What a beautiful Christmas tree!” their mother exclaimed.

“I particularly admire the candles,” said their aunt Grace.

“The stars appeal to me the most,” said their father.

“We’ll give Aunt Grace her present first, because she is company,” said Ednah.

Santa Claus went to the tree and took down the volume of verses.

“We thought you might like this little book,” he said.

Aunt Grace studied the cover with great interest.

“What a pretty book!” she said. “I am very fond of poetry. ‘Rhymes for Children.’ What an original title! By Grace Winchester! How curious there should be some one with my name! I shall read these verses with peculiar pleasure.”

Then all the children laughed and thought it a great joke.

Their aunt Grace was not really their aunt, but as they lived in a world where the things they pretended were often more interesting than the real things, it did not matter in the least that she was only a make-believe aunt. She was one of their mother’s best friends, and the two had played to-

gether when they were little girls. Their mother looked much more as if she had been a little girl once, for she was so pretty, with her dark hair and eyes and bright color; but although their aunt Grace was plain, and did not look very young on the outside, there was something about her that made the children almost forget that she was not a little girl when she was playing with them.

"I don't understand why the candles and Santa Claus have the same kind of decorations," said Mr. Beverly. "Is that a frill he has around his neck?"

"No, father," Santa Claus answered; "it's a beard."

"Are the candles all supposed to have beards, too?"

"Ned," said Mrs. Beverly, "you are behaving outrageously. The candles have little paper boîches on them, like all well brought up and properly regulated candles, and Santa Claus has a snowy beard, like a well brought up Santa Claus. If you had been well brought up, too, you would have known these things by instinct."

"I wish the members of all artists' and authors' clubs would adopt that simple method of being tagged," said Mr. Beverly presently. "It would be such a comfort to have a placard on everybody's

back, so you could know at a glance who the distinguished people were. Looks are so deceptive."

"Yes; he does n't look much like Santa Claus," Ednah owned.

When the presents had all been distributed, Ednah announced that they were going to have the Christmas feast.

"I hope you like cookies and afternoon-tea," she said.

"I don't taste any tea," remarked their father, as he began to sip his.

"The tea is just the part of it I never like," said Miss Winchester. "This seems a very superior article to me."

When the feast was over, their mother and their aunt Grace went back to the fire to talk about those everlasting people and books, and their aunt Grace did not seem like a little girl any more, but looked quite old.

"I'm glad I broke that little tree," said Gordon. "We've had a fine party."

"Dear little tree," Ednah thought, "I hope you've had a pleasant afternoon, and that you don't mind too much that your back is broken."

## THE BUFFALO HUNT

IT is not every one who is so fortunate as to meet a live buffalo at an afternoon-tea, but this is what happened to the friends of the Beverlys.

The buffalo had been spending the greater part of the winter with the Beverlys. He lived in a paddock just outside the studio, and every morning he was made to go in through the large doors to a pen in a corner of the studio, while Mr. Beverly modeled him for the central figure of a group he was making.

There are many advantages in having a father and mother who are artists, because it means the chance of seeing so many interesting animals, to say nothing of people, who were less interesting, but often very pleasant in their way. Of all the animals that came to the Beverly family, the buffalo was the most exciting.

He arrived two days before Christmas, in a huge crate in a cart.

“Here’s the expressman!” cried Jack. “Probably he’s bringing Christmas presents for us!”

"Not in that great box," said Donald. "It must be the buffalo."

The whole family went out to greet their new guest. There were slats across the box, and these Mr. Beverly and Joe, the man who worked for him, had to remove. When the first slats had been taken off a great hairy head peered over the top of the box.

"He's hideous," said Donald. "What a cross expression he has."

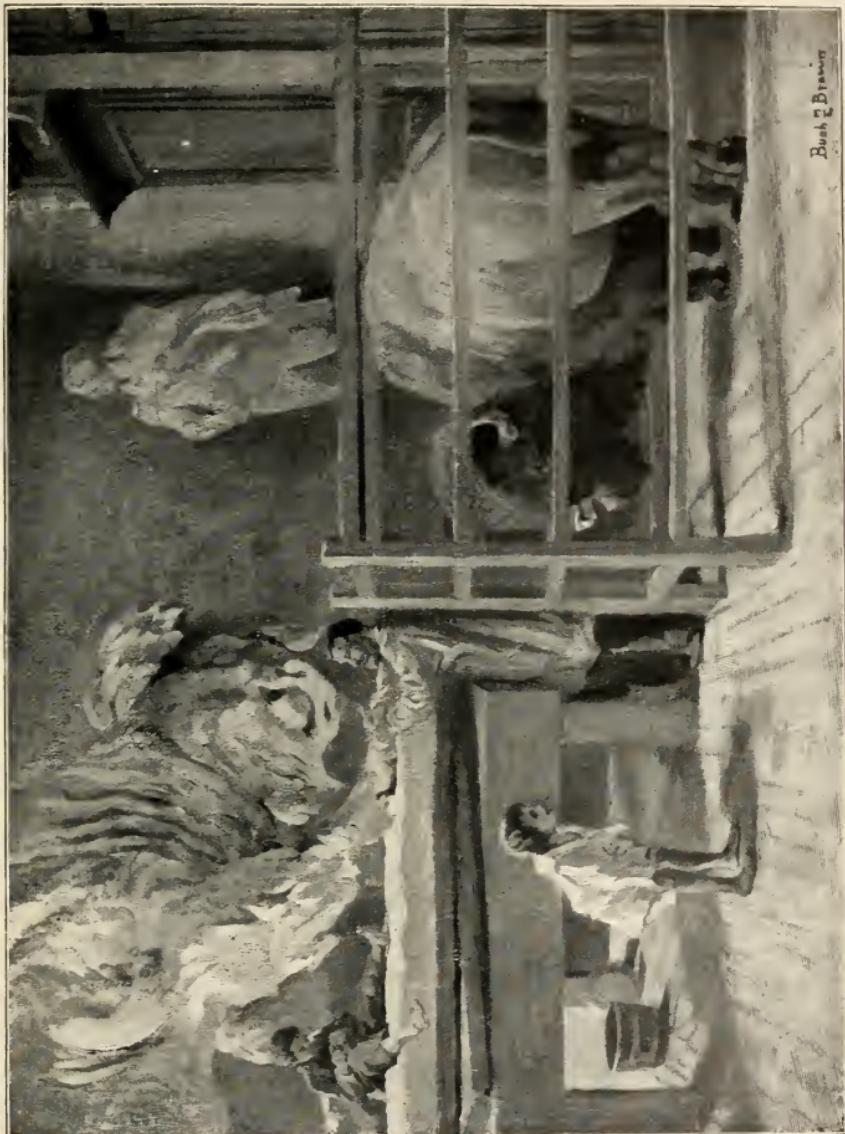
"How are you ever going to get him into the paddock, father?" Jack asked.

Mr. Beverly and Joe had made a plank walk for the buffalo, leading from the cart down into the paddock, and this they tried to coax him to go down. They climbed up out of the way themselves and Joe prodded the animal. He raised his head and growled, but did not care to leave the cart. At last he made a furious rush to escape from Joe's stick, and landed in his new quarters.

The children tried to make friends with him. Jack went bravely up to the pen and held out his hand sociably, for he was going to pat him. Jack had on his red Tam O'Shanter, and his red sweater, and perhaps it was this that especially exasperated the buffalo, for red was evidently not his

Bush & Brown

"THE BUFFALO WAS THE MOST EXCITING"



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favorite color. He shook his head sullenly at the little boy and growled in a savage voice, "Umph!"

Jack backed away very fast, and when he had reached a safe distance he shook his head at the buffalo, and said in as loud and cross a voice as he could, "Umph!"

"I think he's horrid," he confided to Ednah. "He's the most impolitest animal I ever saw. I was trying to be kind to him."

"I suppose he feels homesick," said Ednah. "Just the way we felt when we stayed for that week in New York."

"New York was perfectly horrid," Donald agreed, "but it's lovely here; any sensible buffalo ought to like it."

"I wish I knew more about buffaloes," mused Ednah, after they had gone into the house. "I'm going to look him up in the dictionary."

The children had an illustrated dictionary that their aunt Grace had given them, and Ednah ran to it now and turned eagerly to "buffalo." She gave a disappointed exclamation.

"Here's a picture of him, and it doesn't look like him a bit. The artist must have drawn him out of his own head, and not seen a buffalo ever."

"He isn't the sort of artist father and mother

are," commented Donald proudly. "What does the dictionary say about him, Ednah?"

"A kind of wild ox found in warm countries of the East," she read. "Oh, it says the name is erroneously applied to the bison of North America. I'll look up 'bison'; here he is," she said joyfully, "with his funny crooked little tail, and his sly eyes, and his queer shaggy hair. 'Bison, a quadruped inhabiting the interior of North America, popularly but erroneously called the buffalo.' I think it's lovely for him to be called one thing when he's really another. It seems like a fairy tale, where princes are turned into beasts. I wonder if he knows he's really a bison? or if he thinks he's only a buffalo?"

"Well, I don't care what he's called, he's horrid," reiterated Jack.

The dictionary did not give any more information, but it was a satisfaction to the children to be able to tell their father and mother and Joe that the buffalo was really a bison. However, everybody called him a buffalo just the same, even Mr. Beverly, who insisted upon naming the group he was modeling "The Buffalo Hunt."

"But he is really a bison," said the children.

"And you are really John Farley Beverly," said

their father, turning to his youngest son ; " but everybody calls you Jack. If I were to speak of John Farley, nobody would know whom I meant."

It was very interesting to the children to watch their father make the clay buffalo. First he built a framework, something like that of a house, with boards and lathes ; and when this was finished it had a very weird effect, like the skeleton of a buffalo, only of wood instead of bones, with a queer affair like a basket hung on for the head. Over this frame Mr. Beverly put the clay about two inches thick, and then the creature began to look like a real buffalo.

Some months later, when the group was finished, came the afternoon-tea, when all the neighbors were invited in to see the two buffaloes, the live one growling and shaking his shaggy head in his pen in a corner of the studio, and the clay one standing still in the centre of the room, but looking very much alive in spite of his queer color. There was a little table in the studio, and on it were all the pretty cups and saucers with the buttercup pattern, that were only used on great occasions, and there was a slender dark blue vase filled with daffodils, in the centre ; and there were thin slices of bread and butter, and little cakes and tea. Mrs. Beverly

poured out the tea, and Ednah and Donald were allowed to pass the cups and saucers, because they were careful and did not spill, while Gordon and Jack had to content themselves with passing the bread and butter and cake. There were some advantages in this, as they had more chance than the others to eat the little cakes, which were very delicious, having nuts in them and a whole walnut on top. Ednah wore her best white gown and her pink sash, and her braids were tied with pink ribbons.

The ladies stood around and admired the clay buffalo, and said how lifelike he was, and how they should not like to meet the real buffalo if he were to get loose.

“He is really a bison,” the little boys took care to tell their guests; but this information did not seem to have the least effect on them, for they continued to speak of him as a buffalo.

“I don’t think that is a safe place for your buffalo,” a lady said, as she looked at the animal, who was tossing his head just then in his most ungenial way. “Suppose he should get out, and make his way down street?”

“It would be impossible,” said Mr. Beverly.

It is always the unexpected that happens, and only three days after the tea the buffalo contrived to

escape. It was early in the morning, before breakfast, and Mrs. Beverly was braiding Ednah's hair. One braid was done and her mother was tying on a brown ribbon, when suddenly the little girl twitched her hair out of her mother's hand and started for the door.

"Ednah, come back!" Mrs. Beverly called. "Ednah, do you hear? Your hair is only half braided."

Ednah had been standing where she could look out of the window, and her eyes had been fastened on the paddock near the studio.

"Mother, the buffalo is loose!" she exclaimed, as she ran out of the room.

Mrs. Beverly rushed to the window, and her heart stood still. The buffalo had just come out of the paddock. He had hunched his shoulders against the gate until he loosened the fastenings, and it fell with a crash. Greatly to his surprise he found himself free. He was shaking his head, and there was a savage expression on his face. In a moment all the horrible things that might happen if he were to get outside their grounds and go down the village street flashed into Mrs. Beverly's mind. In imagination she saw him pursuing his vindictive way, brushing aside every obstacle that came in his path. She

fancied him running into her neighbors' gardens, trampling down their flowers and destroying their crops, and then, as he grew more and more excited with the taste of freedom, goring men, women, and children, and perhaps killing them.

Ednah and the boys started for the front door, and Mrs. Beverly raced after them and seized Gordon by the jacket just as he was about to go outside and join in the fun.

"Come back!" she cried. "Come in, all of you. The buffalo is wild with rage. He might kill you."

"Please let us go out, mother," begged the boys. "It is so exciting to have a buffalo hunt right here in our own grounds."

"My dear children, I would not let you go out for anything in the world."

"But mother," remonstrated Gordon, "there are so few boys who have a chance to have a private buffalo hunt."

"I should hope there were."

Mrs. Beverly hurried to the kitchen and summoned the maids to her assistance. Mr. Beverly was away from home, but Joe, who always took care of the buffalo, was already in pursuit of him.

"Bridget! Ann! Come here, quick!" Mrs. Beverly cried. "The buffalo is loose."

“The Lord save us!” Bridget exclaimed.

“We must barricade the front entrance, so he can’t get out into the street,” Mrs. Beverly went on.

Ann pluckily followed her mistress, but Bridget retreated into a corner of the kitchen. “I’m not going to risk me bones running after that crature with the devil in him,” she announced. “I was n’t hired to hunt buffaloes.”

There was no time to argue with her, and Mrs. Beverly and Ann hastened away. They moved out a sofa and some chairs and all the furniture they could lift, and put it across the driveway, for there was no gate, only a gap in the hedge. Their fright and excitement gave them unnatural strength. They knew the buffalo could easily push past their barricade if he chose; but they hoped he would turn back at the sight of it.

Presently a neighbor came down the street.

“Are you moving?” he asked Mrs. Beverly, as he saw the furniture.

“No, but our buffalo is. He has got out of the paddock.”

“Good heavens! Where is he now?”

“He is in the back yard.”

The neighbor was a kind man, and so he went to join in the hunt. He found Joe trying to entice

the animal into the paddock. He had a peck measure in his hand filled with the buffalo's favorite oats.

The children were looking out of the window, full of excitement.

"He is n't going to be fooled that way," said Gordon. "He 's got out, and he knows too much to go back just for his breakfast."

Presently a friend of Bridget's passed the gate.

"Oh, Patrick!" cried Mrs. Beverly, "will you please help Joe drive our buffalo into the paddock? He is loose."

She spoke in as matter-of-fact a way as if buffaloes were as plentiful in the neighborhood as cows.

"By Gorra!" exclaimed the Irishman. And his eyes looked very large and round.

The next man to arrive was an old negro. He seemed very glad to assist in the hunt.

"I 'll catch him for you, Mis' Beverly, couse I will," he said valiantly, and hurried out to the scene of action. Anxious as she was, Mrs. Beverly could not help laughing; for, as he came nearer the buffalo, the old darkey's courage vanished, and with a terrified expression on his black face he hastily climbed a high board fence. When he was once safely perched on top he began to give advice to the others.

“Head him round! Head him round! Dat’s good. You most cotched him den. What’s the matter wid you? Why did you let him go?”

“You’d better catch him yourself, if you think it’s so mighty easy,” said the irate Joe.

“He’s getting away!” cried Gordon from the window. “What fun! I wish he would go racing down the street! Go it, Buffy! Go it!”

“It would be terrible if he got out,” said Ednah. “You would not want all our friends wounded and their gardens spoiled.”

“They are heading him the other way now,” cried Donald. “Poor thing, he does n’t know what to do. They are — oh, he’s got away again!”

“My goodness!” said Gordon. “He’s going towards the barricade. I believe he’ll smash the furniture.”

Joe had run ahead of the buffalo, and by a quick movement averted the danger and made him turn around towards the barn. Patrick approached on the other side and the neighbor came up from behind. The frightened animal made a blind plunge and dashed in at the gate of his paddock.

“Oh, dear,” said Gordon, “what a pity! The buffalo hunt is over.”

## MR. BEVERLY'S BIRTHDAY

AFTER the group was finished, the studio seemed very lonely, for the live buffalo was sent back to his owner, and the clay one went to an exhibition. There were some advantages in having them gone, for the children were much oftener allowed to play in the studio.

Ednah and her brothers had kept house there so many times that they knew all the best situations. She was always the mother on these occasions, Donald the father, and the younger boys were the children ; and I am sorry to say, Ednah often had a hard time, for her husband was quite as unruly as her sons. He had a sad habit of rushing out of doors to kick football, when he had a cold and it was raining, and this was unseemly in the father of a family, for he set his children such a bad example.

“ Donald, you really must not go out in the rain ; mother told you not to,” Ednah would say, and he would come in for a minute and then dash out again. It is all very well to mind, if you happen to want to do the thing you are told to do, but when you

prefer to do something else, it is quite another matter.

Mr. Beverly had promised to take the children for a long drive on his birthday, but alas! when they waked up in the morning it was raining hard,—so hard that they had to stay indoors.

“Father, don’t you think it would be a good way of celebrating your birthday to let us play in the studio?” Gordon asked, after breakfast.

“Yes, I do. You can all go over there, but don’t touch the clay until I come.”

Four happy children under two umbrellas ran across the driveway into the studio.

“We’ll play keeping house until father gets here,” Ednah said. “We’ll have our house upstairs in mother’s studio.”

“I’m tired of keeping house,” Donald returned. “I’d rather camp out. I’ll take the camp-stool for a tent, and I’ll camp out in father’s studio, over by the big horse. I’ll play I’ve ridden him to the camp.”

“But the general is on him,” objected Gordon.

“He was n’t when I rode him. I’ve only lent him to the general.”

“Oh, do come and live with me in this lovely house,” Ednah begged.

“I don’t want to live in your old house. I’d rather camp out. I’ll take my oldest boy with me. Jack can stay at home with you. We’ll ride part way on the railroad,—the big turntable will be the railroad, and then we’ll go the rest of the way on horseback, and we’ll hunt and fish.”

Both sons preferred to camp out with their father, which was unfortunate, as Ednah was left alone in her house; however, the camp was not far away, and her husband promised to write to her very often. Donald went into the real house for some paper and a pencil, and as he could not stop long enough to take his umbrella, he got quite wet going that little way. He pretended he had been caught in a fearful storm in the woods, and he and his sons built a fire so he could dry his clothes. It was not a real fire of course, for that would have been very dangerous. It was made of real wood, only the fire itself was Jack’s red sweater.

At last Ednah grew impatient for news of her family, for it was very stupid living all alone.

“Donald,” she called out, “it is time I got a letter.”

“Write one yourself, and I’ll answer it.”

So she wrote a letter and left it under the doormat, which they agreed should be the post office.

DEAR DONALD (Ednah wrote) It is lonely without you. Have you had any luck fishing or hunting? I hope not, for I hate to think of any animal being killed. Your loving wife,

EDNAH.

Donald read the letter and answered it promptly.

DEAR EDNAH,—I've caught two cod and one sammon, and Gordon has caught two trowt. I've killed two deers and little Jack has shot one bare. We are having a fine time. Your husband,

DONALD.

It was not an affectionate letter, and it was evident to Ednah that the family could get on very well without her.

After a few minutes she called out, "Donald, don't you think it is about time you came home?"

"No, it is lots more fun camping out."

"Don't you think you'd like to have me camp out with you?"

"All right. Only I shall kill all the animals I want to kill. You must promise not to stop that."

"All right," said Ednah, who was glad to join her family on any terms.

"Here comes father!" the children shouted in chorus. "Now we can have some fun. Father,

you are going to let us model things, are n't you ? — as long as it is your birthday."

"Yes, you can model anything you like, equestrian statues, or busts, or designs for fountains."

There was nothing more delightful to the children than the feeling of that wet clay. There seemed to be no limit to what they could do. Sometimes, to be sure, the animals and busts, when finished, were not so lifelike as they had expected them to be, but this never prevented their having the same thrill of excitement the next time they had the moist clay in their fingers.

"I am going to make some reindeers," Donald announced.

"I shall model a steam-engine, and if I have time I shall do the whole train," Gordon asserted modestly.

"I shall make a table," said Ednah.

"I'll make a bust," said Jack.

"You can't ; it is too hard," Gordon assured him.  
"You had better make a flower-pot."

"But I don't want to make a flower-pot."

"Let him make a bust if he likes," said Ednah.  
"It is no matter if it does n't come out very well."

"When all our things are finished, we 'll have — what is it you call it, father, when you and

mother put your pictures and statues together to show people how very beautiful they are, so they can buy them if they like?"

"An exhibition. Only we don't feel quite so satisfied with our work as you imply."

"We'll have an exhibition, Ednah."

"Yes, that will be grand."

"When I am grown up, I am going to be a sculptor like father," said Donald with enthusiasm. "It is even nicer than making mud pies."

There is nothing equal to the joy of creating in the first stages.

"My beautiful reindeers," Donald exclaimed. "I saw them in the forest, and I could not bear to shoot them, so I am taking their pictures in clay."

"I am making a bust of Ednah," said Jack. "It is going to be very beautiful. I shall make a real nose, not the flat kind there is in a picture."

A few minutes later their enthusiasm was somewhat quenched, for, in common with all true artists, they found it difficult to carry out their ideals.

"It does n't look in the least like a bust," said Jack in discouraged tones. "The nose is on one side, and it is so funny."

"My reindeers look like rabbits," said Donald. "Their legs are so queer. I had to make them that

way, so they would stand. What a dear little table you are making, Ednah. It looks like a real table."

"It is easy to do. If I had tried reindeers, I could n't have made them half as reindeer-like as yours."

"Bother this old engine!" said Gordon, crushing the clay together. "I'm going to make a shovel instead."

Ednah, meanwhile, had begun to model some little clay cakes to be served with water-tea, at the exhibition. She frosted them with plaster-of-Paris, and they had a very appetizing effect. When they were finished, Ednah decided that it was time for the show to begin.

"You will be the sculptor, Donald," she said, "and I will come with my two sons to see your things."

It had almost stopped raining now, so Ednah went into the house and got a long black skirt of her mother's. When she put it on, it trailed on the ground in front as well as behind, and she was obliged to hold it up with both hands in order to walk. She also wore a large black hat with ostrich feathers that belonged to Mrs. Beverly.

"Why, Ednah, you look like a dwarf grown-up lady," said Donald.

“ I 'm not Ednah. I 'm Mrs. Anderson. Good-morning, Mr. Donaldson. I 've come to look at your clay things and to see if you can take my sons.”

“ Yes, madam. Do you want them in a group, or one at a time ? ”

“ One at a time, please.”

“ Would you like a three-quarters size, or a full-length bust ? ”

“ Are full length busts very expensive ? ”

“ Yes, they cost a lot.”

“ How much ? ”

He paused to think. “ More money than you have.”

The dwarf lady tossed her head. “ I am very very rich, Mr. Donaldson. I have thirty dollars in my purse. Does a full-length bust cost more than that ? ”

“ No ; but two of them would.”

“ Perhaps I had better have my sons in a group ; that would be cheaper, would n't it ? ”

“ Yes ; it would only cost nineteen dollars and thirty-five cents. That is very cheap, is n't it, father ? ”

“ It is too cheap. I should advise you to charge the even twenty dollars.”

“ Could you do my sons in a group with the reindeers ? ” Ednah asked. “ I like the reindeers so much.”

“ Yes, only I can’t make the reindeers life-size.”

“ I am sorry for that. Aren’t you going to let us taste some of those delicious little cakes, Mr. Donaldson ? My sons have been looking at them with hungry eyes.”

“ Oh, I forgot about the cakes. My sister is the one that pours out tea and sees to that part, but she is n’t here to-day.”

“ No ? I am so sorry not to see her. What a beautiful little table ! I believe I like that best of all. Did you make it yourself ? ”

“ No, my sister did that.”

“ It is very lifelike. Do you suppose she would make a group for me ? ”

“ A group of tables ? ”

“ No, a group of my sons.”

“ I ’m afraid not. She only does furniture.”

Mr. Donaldson was meantime helping his guests to tea, and passing the little cakes.

“ This tea is very delicious,” said Mrs. Anderson, as she sipped the water. “ And as for these cakes, I have never tasted any that are so good. Can you give me the receipt ? ”

"I don't know much about cooking," Mr. Donaldson confessed. "My sister made them. They have nuts and raisins in them, and flour."

"Baking powder or soda?" the dwarf lady inquired.

"Both. And the whites of nine eggs."

"Father ought to taste some of this cake, because it is his birthday," said Jack.

"Hush!" said Ednah. "I have a fine idea," she whispered. "We will get mother to make a large cake for father, of clay, frosted with plaster-of-Paris, and we'll put candles around it, and have it for his birthday cake to-night. He will have a real cake besides, of course."

"That will be great," cried the children.

At tea-time, when Mr. Beverly tried to cut his birthday cake, he was very much troubled by the dullness of the knife.

"Bring me the steel," he said to Ann. "These knives are all too dull to use."

Ann returned with the steel, and her face was wreathed with smiles. Four children sat trying very hard to look as if it were a serious matter.

"Well, Bridget has baked a cake this time that is as hard as a brickbat," said Mr. Beverly, as he bore down with such force on his birthday cake that he sent it flying off the plate.

The children all began to laugh.

“It is a clay cake, father,” said Gordon.

“With plaster-of-Paris frosting,” Jack added.

“We thought a sculptor ought to have that kind for his birthday,” said Donald.

Mr. Beverly was much amused.

“Thank you. You are very kind. Did you think a sculptor was any less hungry than other men?”

“No,” said Ednah; “we did n’t. Cheer up, father, there is a real cake coming.”

## A PICNIC AT NAHANT

THE last of June, Ednah and Donald went with their mother to make her father and mother a visit. It was always a treat to the children to be with their grandparents, and another attraction was that their most intimate friends lived next door. There were three of the Grey children, — Philip, who, alas ! had gone away to a summer camp, Emily and Rachel. Emily was a year and a half older than Ednah, and Rachel was a little younger.

Mrs. Beverly's father and mother lived near Boston, in a pleasant old-fashioned house. They had a telephone, which was a great delight to Ednah ; for if you live in a house with a telephone, something pleasant may happen at any moment. Ednah could never get used to the wonder of hearing the voice of some friend who was many miles away. She felt as if she were living in a fairy story.

One morning the telephone bell rang two, her grandmother's number, and Ednah went to it, as there was no one else in that part of the house. She

was a little afraid of the telephone, and always felt as if she were deaf, and some one were talking to her through a trumpet. She took down the trumpet and put it to her ear.

“Hullo,” said a woman’s voice.

“Hullo,” said Ednah.

“Is this Mrs. Beverly?”

“No, it’s Ednah. Mrs. Beverly is not at home.”

Ednah thought it was the seamstress from whom her mother was expecting a message, so she said, “Are you coming to sew for us to-morrow?”

She heard a queer, metallic laugh.

“Well, hardly. I’ll do almost anything else for you, Ednah, but sewing is not in my line.”

“Oh, it is Aunt Grace!” cried Ednah. “Your voice sounds so funny, and as if you were making believe you were somebody else.”

“Yes, that old telephone has a peculiar spite against me. Nobody ever knows my voice. I was wondering—it is such a beautiful day—if you and your mother and Donald, and Emily and Rachel, would like to go down to Nahant with me by boat, this afternoon, and take our tea on the rocks? I have to go to look at a house we are thinking of hiring.”

“A picnic!” exclaimed Ednah. “How perfectly lovely.”

“There is a beach too, where you can go in wading,” said the queer voice at the other end of the telephone. “It is rather pebbly, but it is better than nothing.”

“I should think so.”

“And do you suppose your mother can come too?”

“I’m sure she can. She has only gone down to the village on an errand.”

“The boat leaves Lincoln wharf a little after two o’clock,” Miss Winchester stated. “I shall expect to see you all. Good-by.”

“Good-by,” said Ednah.

She had a very friendly feeling towards the black trumpet as she hung it up.

“You nice old telephone,” she said. “If it hadn’t been for you, Aunt Grace could n’t have got word to us in time, and we should have had our supper in the house, on a table, instead of out of a basket, sitting on the rocks.”

She ran off to tell her brother and her friends the joyful news.

Mrs. Beverly and the children reached the wharf long before Miss Winchester, and Ednah began to be afraid something had happened to prevent her coming, when she saw a familiar figure, in a dark blue skirt and blue-and-white shirt waist, hurrying through the crowd.

"Hullo, Aunt Grace," said Ednah, running up to her.

"How do you do, Ednah?" said her aunt Grace.

Ednah wondered why it was that grown-up people always adopted the simple and friendly form of speech that children use, when they talked to you through the telephone, and said "How do you do" in such a distantly polite fashion, when they met you face to face.

There are a great many delightful places in a Nahant boat, and the only trouble is that you cannot be in them all at once. It is so pleasant and breezy at the bow, and the stern is full of such interesting-looking people, but perhaps best of all is the upper deck. The children thought so at first, and they found some comfortable seats against the cabin for their mother and their aunt Grace; for even such sensible, grown-up people as they were, had an unaccountable preference for seats with a back.

The children had no sooner got out some camp-chairs for themselves than they began to be thirsty, so they went to explore the lower cabin, and here they found such attractive molasses candy that they tried to entice down their mother and Miss Winchester; but these two had their heads together in

a provoking way, with no attention to spare for them. If you had them separately, their mother and their aunt Grace were almost as nice as children, but when they were together they were of absolutely no use.

That was an enchanting afternoon. There were just enough white clouds in the sky to make the blue seem all the deeper, and there was such a cool breeze they had to put on their jackets, and found it impossible to believe the city could be as hot as when they had left it a few minutes before.

As the boat went down the harbor they saw ocean steamers in their docks, and were much impressed by the size of their white decks and red smokestacks. "Cunard Line," "Leyland Line," Ednah read, and it was all like a delightful story to her, for she had heard of these great ocean steamers that took one far away to foreign lands.

Mrs. Beverly gave the children a map of the harbor, and they all pored over it to find out the names of the gray forts. Then came the green little Apple Island, with its elms that looked like palms, and one beautiful thing after another, white sailboats gliding by, small steamers, and puffing, important little tugs. Every moment there was something interesting to watch. When they reached

Shirley Gut, where the boat goes through such a narrow channel of water that it seems as if it would touch the land on either side, the children ran up to the railing, to get as good a view as possible of the shore. Two women were sitting on the sand, with a little girl in a pink gingham gown. She was near the water, and was digging wells for the tide to fill as it rose.

“She’ll get wet!” Emily cried; and at that moment some men on the boat called out, “Go back!”

The child did not move, and the women looked up in surprise, as if they wondered why the men were so impertinent as to speak to them. Presently a huge wave made by the boat as she swept through the channel ran farther and farther up the sand. The women started back in haste, catching the little girl by the hand, but they were too late.

“Dear me,” said Ednah, “I hope she is n’t going to be washed out to sea.”

The wave raced up into the laps of the two women and went completely over the little girl’s head. The men on the boat burst out laughing.

“It is unkind of them to laugh,” said Emily.

The mischievous wave had gone back as quickly as it had come, leaving the little girl drenched

but safe. She shook out her wet hair and looked down forlornly at her limp gown.

“Poor thing!” said Rachel. “I hope it is n’t her best dress.”

“I am glad it’s a gingham gown,” said Ednah; “for water won’t hurt it.”

“Children,” said Mrs. Beverly, as they came near Nahant, “I’ve been telling your aunt Grace that I think it will be better to eat our supper on the boat as we go home. Then we sha’n’t have the trouble of carrying these heavy bags down to the rocks; and as the boat leaves at six o’clock you can’t get hungry before that.”

There was a shadow on four faces, and then Emily said, “I’ll carry the bags.”

“There is n’t any need of it, dear. It will be better to have our tea on the boat.”

Ednah’s heart sank. Half the fun in having a picnic would be gone if they could not eat their supper on the rocks.

“I don’t believe they will like it nearly as well, Nan,” said their aunt Grace, “and I know I shan’t.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Beverly good-naturedly. “We will put it to vote. How many of you would rather have your tea on the boat?”

Not a hand went up.

“ How many of you would rather have your tea on the rocks ? ”

They all raised their hands, and Ednah was so eager about it that she put up both of hers.

When they reached the wharf at Nahant, there were all sorts of carriages and barges waiting there, and it seemed as if every driver had been expecting them, for each one was so eager to have them go in his wagon.

Mrs. Beverly decided to take a red-and-black wagonette, that was just large enough for their party. They all climbed in, and were driven through the quiet streets, fresh with their summer green. At last they turned up a narrow road with maples, birches, and ash-trees on either side of the way, and the greenest of grass ; and from the top of the hill, — oh, joyful sight ! they could get a glimpse of the sea, so blue and shining in the summer sun that it sent a thrill to every heart.

The wagonette left them at the house their aunt Grace had come to see, and the children ran along a path by the ocean to the rocks, for they could not afford to lose any time. It was not long before the grown people joined them. Mrs. Beverly had brought her sketch-book, and while the children took off their shoes and stockings she began to

make a sketch. Donald had just got his trousers pulled up and was stooping to look at a jelly-fish that the tide had washed up on the beach, when his mother said, "Wait a minute, Donald; that is a fine pose. Don't move; keep just as you are."

The three little girls ran off as fast as they could, for they did not want to be put in the picture. It is trying to have to stand still when you are longing to be wading in the water.

"It is a very uncomfortable position, mother," said poor Donald.

"I know it must be, dear. I will only keep you a minute. It is just what I want for my illustration."

Donald was so fond of his mother that he would have stood for a long time looking down at the jelly-fish to please her, but nevertheless he was glad when she said she had caught the pose; for it is a little tiresome to stand on one foot and the toe of the other, with your back bent until your head almost reaches your knees, and jelly-fish are not interesting to look at for many minutes at a time.

Meanwhile the little girls had their skirts pulled up and were wading in the water. It was so warm that they could stay in for a long time. The stones were not very comfortable for their feet, to be sure, but one cannot expect everything.

“How delicious the water feels!” said Ednah.

“I would like to stay in until the boat goes,” Donald remarked.

“These tiny waves are just the right size for dolls,” Rachel said.

After they had waded to their hearts’ content, they looked for lucky stones on the beach, and Nahant must be a very fortunate place, for they found so many. Emily was the first to discover one of the gray stones with the lucky white ring going entirely around it. Donald soon found another, which he at once gave to his mother, and Rachel and Ednah each found two. One of Ednah’s had four white rings.

“Does that mean that the person I give it to is going to be four times as lucky as other people?” she asked.

“I suppose so,” said Emily.

“Then I’ll give it to Aunt Grace, because she had the picnic for us.”

“And perhaps the four rings will mean that she will take us on four more picnics,” suggested Rachel.

At last their mother called to them to put on their shoes and stockings, for it was time to go back to the rocks and take their tea.

Miss Winchester and Ednah walked along to-

gether. The path had a border of cobble-stones part of the way, with a narrow rut between the stones and the grass. It was just the right size for a little girl's feet.

"Aunt Grace," Ednah begged, "come and walk in this little track."

"My feet are too large, Ednah. I like to do almost everything that you do, but I draw the line at walking in that rut."

"Aunt Grace, I hope I shall never be too old to like to do such interesting things."

"Look at this funny sign," Emily called back to them.

"'Private rocks; fishing, bathing, and picnicking forbidden.' I wonder they don't say, 'The ocean is private; wading not allowed.'"

Fortunately there were some rocks which were hospitable to strangers, and here the Beverlys took their tea. They chose the flattest places they could find to sit in, but it was evident that to furnish comfortable seats was not the chief object those rocks had in view.

Their aunt Grace had brought some hard boiled eggs and plain bread and butter and bananas, and some little cakes, and their mother had some ham sandwiches and jelly sandwiches, and she had bought

some of the molasses candy. After supper was over, they watched the blue sky and the shimmering blue sea, and told each other the most interesting fairy stories, and had a very happy time.

Ednah thought that the sail back was one of the pleasantest parts of the whole excursion, for a glorious red sunset over the water made everything look like a fairy country, and not the plain everyday world.

“We’ve had such a lovely time,” she said, when she bade her aunt Grace good-night. “And I am so sorry for all the little girls who lived before the days of telephones.”

## TREADING THE WINEPRESS

THE Beverlys went home the last of July, and in September, Rachel and her older brother, Philip, came to make them a visit. Philip was such a big boy that the children stood somewhat in awe of him.

The morning after their friends arrived, Ednah and her brothers took them out to the hill behind the house to show them the vineyard, for September was known in their calendar as the month of grapes.

Ednah put her arm around Rachel's waist, and Rachel put hers about Ednah.

"You dear thing," said Ednah. "It is so lovely to have you here. Boys are so stupid in some ways. They never see any fun in playing with dolls."

"Yes, I know," sighed Rachel. "I sometimes wish Philip was a girl, he comes in and bothers us so when we are having our dolls' tea-parties ; but I only wish it just for a minute, for he knows such a lot of exciting things to play, that it is fun to have him round."

"I would n't want to change any of my brothers

into girls," Ednah confessed, "only I wish you were my sister and lived here all the time."

Ednah and Rachel paused when they came to the brow of the hill, for they were much struck with the beauty of the view. The soft green grass sloped away in the morning sunlight towards the river, and above this rose the mountains, dim and misty in the golden September haze. Some fleecy clouds were sailing over the mountains in a sky of heavenly blue. Nearer at hand was the vineyard with the rich green and purple clusters of grapes nestling against their green leaves.

"They look like jewels in a fairy story," said Ednah. "Let's make up a story about them, and you shall be the fairy princess and Philip the prince."

"What a jolly lot of grapes!" said Philip. "They are ripe enough to pick. I tell you what will be great fun. We'll tread the winepress, like the ancient Greeks and Romans."

Ednah fixed her blue eyes on Philip in speechless admiration. She had never heard of treading the winepress, and thought it a grand thing to know so much.

"How did they do it?" Donald asked.

"They took off their shoes and stockings, of course."

“What fun!” Gordon interrupted.

“And then they put the grapes into great vats and just stamped on them until they got out all the juice. There were always at least two treading together, which was more sociable, and if they wanted to punish a fellow they made him tread the wine-press alone!” Philip said these last words in an impressive manner, which suggested that this was a disgraceful fate. “Have you got any vats?”

“I’m afraid not,” said Ednah, who was not quite sure what a vat was. “Would washtubs do?”

“They’d be just the thing.”

“Shall we begin now?”

“Yes. And don’t tell anybody. We’ll surprise your father and mother by giving them some of our wine to drink.”

“We could n’t tell father, because he won’t get back from New York until this afternoon, and mother is very busy in the studio. I’m glad it is Friday, for the maids won’t be in the laundry.”

As Ednah and Rachel waited on the hillside while the boys went for the tubs, they told each other a fairy story about a beautiful princess who was lost in a wood, and suddenly came upon clusters of amethysts with emerald leaves, and when she was too tired to walk any farther, a prince went by with

some wine that had the most delicious taste that could be imagined, for he had made it especially for the princess by treading the winepress alone for her sake.

“He was a handsome prince, with blue eyes and yellow hair, like Philip,” said Ednah, “and he was dressed in a dark blue velvet coat lined with yellow satin, and blue velvet trousers.”

“That is rather different from Philip’s clothes,” Rachel observed. “Did he tread the winepress in his blue velvet trousers?”

Ednah was saved from having to decide this important question by the return of the boys with the tubs. They ranged them in a row, and then they all began to pick the clusters of grapes.

“Dear me, what a lot there are!” said little Jack.

“Yes, father was saying the grape crop was very large this year,” said Ednah.

“They are not quite ripe,” said Philip regretfully. “They would have been better if we had waited a few days. The ancient Greeks and Romans carefully removed any that were n’t ripe, but if we were to do that we should n’t have many left. I don’t believe it will make much difference.”

When they had gathered the grapes, the children took off their shoes and stockings. This was the

very best part of the whole affair, and they could not forbear running about on the hillside for some minutes.

“ My feet just love to look around,” said Jack. “ They hate to be shut up in an old prison.”

“ Time is up ! ” said Philip at last. “ We must begin to work now. First, we ’ll go down to the brook and wash our feet.”

Wading in the brook was such an enticing occupation that Philip found it difficult to collect his assistants. On the way back they stopped to play a game of tag.

“ Dear me ! ” said Ednah, “ I wish the brook and the vineyard were nearer together. I ’ve got to go and wash my feet again before we begin.”

At last they all were ready.

“ Come along, Donald, and tread the winepress with me,” said Philip.

“ I want to tread the winepress with you,” said Gordon.

“ And so do I,” chimed in Jack.

“ I ’ll start with Donald, and perhaps by and by we can change.”

Ednah and Rachel were already getting into their tub.

They began with enthusiasm, but after a time

little Jack said, "It is pretty hard work. My feet get tired hopping up and down, and the grapes feel slimy and horrid."

"You are not doing it right," Philip instructed him. "The ancient Romans danced and sang to cheer themselves up."

"I don't believe they were in such small tubs," said Ednah. "It is n't very easy to dance when it is a tight squeeze for two in a tub."

"What is the matter with singing? Let's have a song."

Rachel at once began "My country, 't is of thee," which was the first thing that came into her head.

"What nonsense, Rachel," said Philip. "The ancient Romans would n't sing 'America,' centuries before it was discovered. We'll make up sort of a chant out of our own heads, and pretend we are singing Latin."

After this it was easier to work, for it is always stimulating to make up a thing out of your own head, and if you can invent the language, the chief difficulty is removed.

"I think it must be dinner time," said Philip at last. He did not like to own that he was tired.

"How can we ever get our feet clean?" Ednah asked, looking at hers with a despairing expression.



Bush Brown

“A TIGHT SQUEEZE”



“We’ll give them another dip in the brook,” said Philip, “and we can give them a good scrubbing after dinner. I am sure the grapes are squeezed enough for the first squeezing. After dinner we’ll take them out and cut the skins and strain the juice through a colander; and then the next thing to do is to put the juice in a large cauldron of lead, and boil it over a slow fire of chips on a night when there is n’t any moon.”

“How splendid!” said Ednah. “It sounds like witches. But we have n’t got any lead cauldron, and there is a new moon to-night.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, for Rachel and I looked at it last night over our right shoulders.”

“We have an iron kettle,” said Donald.

“Will that make any difference?” Ednah asked. “It is a very large iron kettle, and the moon is so young,— just a wee, wee little-girl moon.”

“The book says that iron gives a disagreeable flavor to the juice,” Philip said thoughtfully, “but it will have to do. We are not getting anything just right, with our washtubs and our green grapes, but it is better than not having any wine.”

“My goodness!” cried Gordon. “Here comes Ann.”

“Run down to her quick, Ednah ; you ’ve got on your shoes and stockings, and tell her we ’re coming,” Philip commanded. “Quick, Ednah.”

Ednah ran down the hillside and met Ann. “They are coming in a minute,” she said. “You need n’t bother to go into the field.”

“What on earth is up now ?” asked Ann, who was not to be put off the scent by soft speeches.

“Nothing, only a lovely secret. You won’t say anything to anybody, will you, Ann dear ?”

“Humph ! Seems to me you are mighty affectionate all of a sudden.”

“We want to surprise father and mother, and we ’ll let you taste some of it when it is done.”

Ann could always be relied upon as their good friend, even when she found fault. It was different with Bridget.

By this time the boys had put on their shoes and stockings, and were running down the hillside, while Rachel was following a long way behind.

“Is dinner ready ?” Philip asked blandly. “It was so kind of you to come to let us know.”

“Kind !” grumbled Ann. “I rang the bell twice, and finally Mrs. Beverly sent me out to hunt you up.”

There was a great deal of conversation at dinner,

but nothing was said about grapes or ancient Greeks or Romans. The children finished their meal with suspicious haste and ran back into the vineyard.

After tea, just as it was beginning to grow dark, they stole into the kitchen to get the iron kettle. It was Bridget's night out, and Ann was in the china-closet washing the dishes. The kettle was so heavy that Donald helped Philip carry it.

"Look out, Phil, it is awfully smutty. You've got a great black smootch on your jacket."

"Look out yourself! The pot should n't call the kettle black."

There was the sound of approaching footsteps.

"The letters are ready now, Bridget. I am sorry to have kept you waiting," Mrs. Beverly said, as the cook came down the back stairs.

"Bridget has n't gone out," the little girls cried in consternation.

"Come, run quick, or she 'll see us," Philip commanded.

"Holy saints! What are you doing with my kettle?" Bridget exclaimed, as she caught sight of the vanishing children.

"We are not holy saints," Philip could not resist calling back as he fled hastily.

"Well, you are about right there."

Bridget ran after the children, but she was stout and short of breath, so they reached the vineyard first. She came panting up the hill. There, at the top, standing out boldly against the evening sky, she saw her three washtubs.

“Good land!” she ejaculated.

“We just took them for to-day,” Ednah explained hastily. “We knew you would n’t want to wash before Monday.”

Bridget came nearer and inspected the contents of one of the tubs.

“The Lord save us!” she remarked. “What are you up to now?”

“We are not up to any harm,” Philip protested.

“Then it will be all right for me to tell Mr. Beverly about the grapes in the washtubs,” she replied with unexpected logic.

A few minutes later, Mr. Beverly strode up the hillside and joined the children just as they were hastily pouring the grape juice into the iron kettle.

Philip faced him with a brave front.

“Mr. Beverly,” he began, “we have been treading the winepress, and we are going to make a fire as soon as we can get the chips, for we thought you and Mrs. Beverly and the children would like some wine made from your own vineyard, and”—

“Do I understand you have been picking my grapes without leave?”

Put in this bald way their day’s adventure did not have such a picturesque sound.

“We wanted to surprise you,” Gordon said.

“You have succeeded.”

The children had never seen their father so angry.

“It is not so much the money loss that I mind,” he said, “although that is a serious matter, for our grapes are the only feature of the farm there is any profit in; but I did not think my children could be so naughty. They knew perfectly well they ought not to pick the grapes without leave.”

“But it was to be a surprise, — a lovely surprise for you and mother,” Ednah said.

“Mr. Beverly,” Philip confessed, “it is my fault. I thought of it and I made them do it. I did not know you sold the grapes.”

“What did you suppose I did with them? Did you think I kept them for ornament? Did you imagine it was my habit to let them spoil on the vines?”

“I’m afraid I didn’t think anything about it. I only thought it would be fun to tread the wine-press.”

“It was n’t very good fun,” added little Jack.

"It was awful hard work, and the grapes have stained my feet a horrid color. I can't get it off."

"Run into the house, all of you," said Mr. Beverly.

The six children went down the hill with a crest-fallen air. It was very hard to have their cherished plans come to naught.

"It would have been so lovely to give some of the wine to mother to drink," said Ednah.

"And the fire of chips would have been such fun," Gordon observed regretfully.

"And father seemed to feel so badly about it," said Donald, who had a tender conscience.

"I am wondering how I can punish you children," Mr. Beverly remarked, when he joined them a few minutes later. He did not seem so stern as at first. "You deserve to live on that confounded mess until you 've eaten it up."

"Please, Mr. Beverly," Philip begged, "don't punish the others ; it was n't their fault ; just punish me. Mr. Beverly," and a mischievous gleam came into his eyes, "I think the best way you can punish me is to make me tread the winepress alone."

## THE SAD RESULT OF HAVING A DOCTOR

WHEN one has been living in a world where there are Greeks and Romans, only to change it for another that is peopled with Indians and wild beasts, it is rather a come-down to return to plain, everyday life ; and this is what happened when Philip went home after a visit of three weeks, taking Donald and Gordon back with him. Rachel, to Ednah's intense delight, was to stay a month longer.

While Philip had been with the Beverlys, Ednah's dolls had stayed in one room, and never so much as had the air once. For some reason dolls did not seem to flourish in the same atmosphere with Philip. Now, Ednah felt as the mother does who has been out into the great world and had a delightful holiday, but who is glad after all to return to her own fireside, for it is restful to come back to peaceful, home-keeping ways.

Rachel was as fond of dolls as Ednah was, and little Jack liked them too, although he never said so when the older boys were around.

The great meadow that had so lately been the

scene of wild Indians, who, with their tomahawks, were the terror of law-abiding citizens, and bears and lions that lurked behind every tree, was now a safe sheltered spot where a house was rising, built of stones. Somehow it never got any farther than the first row, that marked the divisions of the different rooms, except in the imaginations of the children, where it grew into a beautiful stone structure that took turns in being a palace and a cottage. It had a dining-room and kitchen, a parlor and two bedrooms. The beds were made of pieces of wood, and the tables were composed of boards put over stones. There are great advantages in having an imagination, for with it you can live in a palace whenever you like, or you can be a gypsy for a change, whereas if you have not an imagination, you simply have to take whatever comes.

“We must sweep out our house,” said Ednah one morning. “Mrs. Grey, will you and your children come and pass the day with me? I shall be so pleased to have you.”

“We will come with great pleasure, Countess Van Aspinwall,” said Rachel, who liked high sounding names.

“I’m not Countess Van Aspinwall. I’m tired of making believe. I’m just Mrs. Ednah Beverly,

with my thirteen children, and I have all I can do to look after them, 'specially as my servant has inflammation of the backbone, and I had to send her away for a long rest."

"Inflammation of the backbone, Mrs. Beverly, that sounds like a very dangerous disease."

"It is catching," said Ednah gravely, "so I had to fumigate the house and send her away, for if all my thirteen children should come down with inflammation of the backbone, it would be very horrid."

"I should think so," said Rachel sympathetically. "By the way, Mrs. Beverly, do you know of a good doctor? My child has a cold. I'm afraid it is the grippe."

"Yes, I know a very good doctor," she said, turning to Jack. "Dr. Jackson, he knows a lot about grippe; in fact he's a grippe doctor."

"How nice," said Rachel, "to find just the right kind of a doctor. I'm afraid too, that my child has trouble of the eyes."

"Dr. Jackson is an eye doctor too," said Ednah reassuringly.

Rachel's doll was brought out for Dr. Jackson to see. He looked at her with a grave face.

"Her eyes are very bad, madam," he said. "I shall have to put on some of this salve," and he

held up a mud pie he had been making in a flower-pot.

“Jack, I can’t have you put any of that dirt on Alice,” Rachel said, seizing her doll by the feet.

“I’m not Jack. I’m Dr. Jackson, and unless you want your child to be blind you’ll have to have some of that salve on her eyes,” and Jack held Alice firmly by the head.

“Let go, Jack,” said Rachel.

“I won’t. I’m a doctor. What is the use of having a doctor if you won’t do as he says?”

“Let go, you naughty boy.”

Rachel pulled hard and Jack pulled hard.

“There!” said Rachel, “I’ve got her now, and don’t you dare — Oh, dear! Jack, you’ve pulled her head off.”

For Rachel had only the doll’s body in her arms while Jack held the head. He was looking at it in a surprised and frightened way.

“You naughty boy,” said Rachel begining to cry.

“I’m very sorry,” said poor Jack.

“Being very sorry won’t put her head on,” Rachel sobbed.

“I won’t do it again.”

“You can’t; because her head is off already.”

Ednah came to the rescue. "Mother will mend her with glue. Don't you see, Rachel, she's out of her head, that is the trouble. People sometimes are out of their head with grippe. We'll keep her very quiet, and by and by she will be well again. Don't cry, Rachel dear. I'll give you Geraldine, if Alice can't be made well."

"Do you suppose my mother would like to have you, just as well as to have me if I were to die?" Rachel asked.

"No, but I would be better than nothing. We'll go right into the house now, and mother will make Alice well again. We'll play mother is a surgeon. Almost everybody gets well if they have a surgeon. And just think, dear, how lucky it is Alice did not have inflammation of the backbone."

Rachel began to laugh.

Mrs. Beverly was not at home, but the glue-pot was, which was more to the purpose.

Ednah was a child who could do everything easily with her hands, and although she had never mended a doll before, she had often watched her mother.

"The great surgeon is out," she said to Rachel. "I'm only his—what do they call the young doctor who helps?"

Rachel did not know.

"Well, I'm the young doctor. And I'm sure, Mrs. Grey, that I can glue up the brains in your child's head, so her mind will be all right."

Rachel laughed again. She was almost glad the accident had happened.

"Madam," said the surgeon's assistant, "what kind of a doctor did you have for your child?"

"Dr. Jackson."

"Dr. Jackson! I've never even heard of him. He's a very bad doctor to make your child go out of her head."

Poor Dr. Jackson slunk into a corner when he heard these words.

"Mrs. Ednah Beverly told me he was a good doctor — an eye doctor," Rachel explained.

"Well, I don't know what kind of an eye doctor he is," Ednah said; "but I think it's a funny kind, since he made your child crazy. I should think Mrs. Ednah Beverly was a queer woman to tell you about such an awful doctor."

"Mrs. Ednah Beverly is my best friend; you must not say anything against her," said Rachel gravely. Then both the little girls laughed, and emboldened by this Dr. Jackson came out of his corner and gathered courage to say, "She wouldn't give her child any of my medicine."

“Is that true?” said the young doctor, looking hard at Mrs. Grey.

“It was a nasty medicine,” said the little mother. “It was nothing but horrid mud in an old flower-pot.”

“Is that true?” asked the young doctor, turning to Dr. Jackson.

“It was”—Dr. Jackson paused, thinking over the names of the simple remedies with which he was familiar—“it was—it was rhubarb,” he exclaimed hastily.

“Rhubarb! You were putting rhubarb on a child’s eyes, Dr. Jackson; I’m surprised at you,” said the doctor’s assistant. “You ought not to be a doctor, if you don’t know any better than that.”

Meanwhile the young doctor had been deftly mending Alice’s head, and when the grown-up Mrs. Beverly came in a few minutes later she heard the whole story.

“Mother, you must pretend you are the great surgeon,” said Ednah, “and you must tell us just what you think about Dr. Jackson, and whether I’ve done the—mending properly.”

Mrs. Beverly sat down and entered into the merits of the case with the gravity of a judge. First she examined Alice’s head with a thoughtful air.

“I am proud of my assistant,” the great surgeon said. “I could not have performed the operation with more skill myself.”

“And mother, I mean Dr. — Dr.” —

“Dr. Strong,” her mother suggested.

“Dr. Strong, what do you think about a doctor who tries to put rhubarb on a child’s eyes and worries her so she goes out of her head?”

“That has a bad sound, certainly,” said Dr. Strong, “but I should want to hear the other side before judging.”

Little Jack put his head in his mother’s lap and looked up in her face with beseeching eyes. “I did n’t mean to, truly,” he said. “It just came off in my hands. I’m so sorry.”

“I suppose it took two to make her go out of her head, did n’t it?” Dr. Strong suggested. “Did any one have hold of the other end of her while Dr. Jackson held her head?”

“Yes, I had hold of her feet,” Rachel said.

“If you had n’t had hold of her feet, do you suppose she would have gone out of her head?”

“No,” said honest Rachel.

“Then I should say there was fault on both sides,” said the great surgeon.

## THE FIRST NIGHT IN NEW YORK

THE next winter Mr. Beverly had some work to do on one of the public buildings in New York, so he took a studio-apartment there and decided to have his wife and children live with him.

The boys began to grumble when they heard this piece of news.

“That horrid old New York,” said Donald, “you can’t have any fun there.”

“No,” chimed in Gordon. “There is n’t any brook and there are n’t any meadows.”

“There is Central Park,” said Ednah, who always looked on the bright side; “and it will be lovely to be with father.”

“It would be lots nicer to be with father here,” said Jack. “The houses in New York have n’t got any yards to play in.”

“There will be nothing to do there that’s any good,” said Gordon. “We shall have to go to school and study hard; and father and mother seem to think it is going to be such fun.”

“Even the nicest grown-up people are stupid in

some ways," said Donald. "They like such tiresome things."

"Perhaps we can persuade father and mother not to go there," suggested Gordon, who was of a hopeful disposition, but Donald shook his head.

"There's no use trying. They never seem to see how sensible our advice is."

Just then Mr. Beverly came into the room.

"Isn't it great to think we can all be together in New York?" he said cheerfully. "We shall be as happy as grigs."

There was an ominous silence. Perhaps it was because none of the children knew what grigs were.

Nevertheless, when it was time to begin the preparations for the moving, they were full of excitement. It was so delightful to be going on any sort of a journey, even to that "horrid old New York."

The Beverlys were sending a load of furniture there, and the children kept bringing one treasure after another to their mother.

"I should like to take all my dolls," said Ednah.

"How many are there?"

"Thirteen, counting all, little and big."

"My dear, there will never be room for such a large family in our tiny apartment. You can take your favorite child, and some of the small dolls.

Remember," she added, as Ednah's face fell, "the dolls will not like that 'horrid old New York;' country air will agree with them much better."

"May n't I take two children, mother? Anna and Geraldine will be so unhappy if they are separated."

"I shall have room for Anna in this trunk, and if you care enough about having Geraldine with you to take her in your arms you can."

"Of course I do, mother. Would n't you carry Jack, if you could n't have him with you unless you did?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Beverly, "what a distressing alternative you suggest! I'm very glad I do not have to carry Jack."

"Can't the basket of blocks go, mother?" Gordon asked, as he lugged in the huge basket.

"No; there won't be room for it."

"But it could be checked, all by itself, just like a trunk," said Donald.

"There will be so little room in the apartment, dear, that I can't take the blocks, but you can bring me your tin soldiers and your paint-boxes, and we will buy some more tissue-paper the first thing after we get to New York."

When the day came for the journey, Ednah

dressed Geraldine in her brown traveling dress, and put on her brown golf cape with the plaid hood, and her brown felt hat that Mrs. Beverly had trimmed with a plaid ribbon.

“Your clothes are very suitable for a journey, dear,” she said.

Mrs. Beverly had gone down to New York before the others, to get the apartment ready, so Ednah felt very important, for she had to help her father in many ways.

“What have you done with your cap, Jack?” she asked.

“I’m sure I don’t know. You can’t expect me to remember everything.”

“Gordon, you must n’t turn any more somersets; you get your hair so mussed. Mother would n’t like you to, I know.”

“Ednah, you are so particular,” grumbled Gordon. “Mother would n’t mind.”

At last the boys were ready.

The Beverlys took the boat to New York, and the voyage down the Hudson was so pleasant they wished it could keep on for days and weeks. After three hours, however, they reached the city,—such a noisy, crowded city, that the poor country children were fairly bewildered. It was very exciting to take

the elevated railroad to their destination, and it seemed wonderful to be flying along so far above the ground.

Before long they reached an imposing stone building where their apartment was situated.

“We are to be up in the tenth story,” Mr. Beverly explained.

“My goodness!” cried Jack. “What a lot of stairs to go up!”

“We don’t have to go up stairs,” said his father. “You’ll step into a tiny little room with seats in it, and then you will go up and up just as the dishes go up in the dumb waiter, until finally you reach the floor where we live.”

Jack’s brown eyes opened wide. “It is like a fairy story,” he said.

“Yes, life in New York is a kind of fairy story. There are other things quite as remarkable as the elevator. Step in, children.”

There was just room enough for the Beverly family in the elevator. Ednah sat down on the little seat. She had Geraldine lying across her knees, and the doll, instead of looking around her, was so sleepy that she immediately closed her eyes and took a nap.

“Poor dear, you are tired out,” said Ednah.

When they reached the tenth story the boy stopped the elevator.

“This way,” said Mr. Beverly.

Ednah held Geraldine up straight, and the doll’s blue eyes flew open.

“Oh, I waked you, that is a great pity. I’m sorry, but you can go to sleep again as soon as we get home.”

Presently Mr. Beverly opened a door that led into a pleasant, cozy room which seemed to be kitchen and dining-room in one. Out of this led another room and beyond it was the large studio.

Mrs. Beverly was waiting to receive them, and four children flung their arms around her at once and fairly smothered her with kisses.

“Oh, mother, we’ve missed you such a lot,” and Gordon began to turn somersets to celebrate the joyful meeting.

“Where are we going to sleep?” Donald asked, when the first greetings were over, for there was no sign of a bed.

“That is where the fairy story comes in,” said their father. “You and Gordon are to sleep in that bookcase.”

“In a bookcase! Oh, mother!” Donald’s voice had a reproachful sound.

Mrs. Beverly showed the children how the bookcase was not really a bookcase, but a bed, cleverly disguised, that could be let down for the night.

“And where are you and father going to sleep?”

“In the studio.”

“But there is n’t any bed there.”

“That mantelpiece is our bed.”

“The mantelpiece?”

“Yes, that can be let down like the bookcase, and made into a comfortable bed.”

“I should think it was like a fairy story,” said Ednah ; “everything pretends to be one thing and is really another.”

“Just as the buffalo was really a bison,” said Jack, who always liked to have his share in the conversation.

“Where am I to sleep?” asked Ednah, as she looked at the sideboard, and wondered if it could be turned into a bed.

“You are to sleep upstairs, dear, all by yourself.”

“I did not know there was any upstairs.”

“Yes, if you go into the boys’ room you will see that the ceiling is much lower than it is here, and you will find a step-ladder that will take you to your bedroom.”

Ednah climbed up eagerly and began to explore.

"It is like the ladder to a hayloft, mother," she called down.

The room was small, but very pleasant. There was a cot bed in it, with a snowy Marseilles quilt, and a little washstand with her own blue-and-white pitcher, which made her feel quite at home. There was also one chair, and a row of wooden pegs along the wall where she could hang her clothes. But best of all was the small wooden bed belonging to Geraldine and Anna, all made up with its little Marseilles quilt. Near it were two tiny chairs, and in one of them Anna was sitting ready to welcome her sister Geraldine.

"Oh, mother," Ednah called down in a transport of delight, "you dear thing! You never told me you were going to bring any dolls' furniture."

Ednah put Geraldine in the other armchair, and the dolls looked at each other in a long silence. Anna was a brown-eyed doll, so the two were a good contrast. It is always very satisfactory when families are divided in this way, and the same thing was true of the Beverlys, for Ednah and Gordon had blue eyes and Donald and Jack brown ones.

Ednah took a brush and comb out of her travelling bag and smoothed her brown hair, and then she got out a tiny doll's brush and comb her aunt

Grace had given her, and smoothed Geraldine's hair.

"My dear," she said, "anybody would know you had been on a journey, your hair is so blown about, and your face is dirty too."

"Come Ednah," called her mother, "supper is ready. We shall have to eat off the top of that packing-box to-night, for the tables have n't come, so we 'll call it a picnic."

"A picnic! What fun!" cried all the children.

"Come and look out of the window, Ednah," said her father, "and see how high up we are."

Ednah followed him, and was almost dizzy at the sight. Far, far below them the city lay; they seemed to be half way to heaven, and quite beyond the smoke and noise and bustle of earth. Over in the west the sun was setting, a great red ball in a glory of pink clouds, and the light was shining on a silver river. Her father then told her to come to the eastern window, where another great river made a flash of silver among the buildings. It was all so beautiful the little girl was speechless for a moment.

"Oh, beefsteak and fried potatoes!" the boys cried, as they sat down before the packing-box."

"Yes, I thought you would all be hungry, you 've had such a long journey."

“Scrambled eggs,” Jack remarked, with satisfaction, “and stewed apricots. What a good supper!”

They ate their meal in the highest spirits. New York might be “horrid,” the great outside New York, with its noise and smoke and crowded streets, but here, in this cozy corner was home, not as large a home as the great country house they had left, but a very interesting one with its bookcase bed and hayloft and picnic teas.

Jack’s sleeping place was even more mysterious than that of his brothers, for he went to sleep in a cot bed in their room, and when he waked up in the morning he found himself in the large studio. And what was most remarkable was the fact that it was the very same cot bed in which he had gone to sleep.

“This is the fairest part of all, mother,” he said. “How did I get here?”

“We carried you into the studio, and put you down on our bed, and then we pushed the cot bed through the folding doors, and popped you into it again, and you never waked up.”

“I don’t think New York is such a bad place to live in,” Jack remarked at breakfast.

“Wait until you go outside,” said Donald.

“This isn’t New York where we are now. It’s home.”

“Any place is nice that has father and mother in it,” said Ednah.

## CLIMBING TREES IN CENTRAL PARK

THAT afternoon Mr. Beverly said he would take the children for a walk in Central Park. They were all delighted to go.

“What fun,” said Donald, “Central Park is n’t half so nice as the meadow at home, but it is better than nothing.”

Ednah took one of her father’s hands and Donald the other, after Gordon and Jack had made an unsuccessful attempt to seize it.

“What a pity father has n’t four hands,” said Ednah.

“You two can each take a hand going over,” said Mr. Beverly, “because you are the oldest, and coming home it will be Gordon’s and Jack’s turn because they are the youngest.”

“Father, what would you do if you had five children?”

This problem in arithmetic seemed to be too much for Mr. Beverly, for he did not answer.

“Good-by, mother,” said Jack; “it’s too bad you can’t come with us. I hope you won’t be lonely.”

Mrs. Beverly looked around the chaotic room and laughed.

"I hardly think I shall have time to be lonely," she replied.

They had a very interesting walk, for although they did not like New York, there was a great deal to be seen there; and if you have to live in a place it is just as well to make the best of it. Central Park seemed almost like the country, and when they were once inside the gates, the boys were so happy that they tossed their caps into the air and shouted "hurrah," and this seemed to surprise two elderly ladies who were passing.

Mr. Beverly soon found an acquaintance, so he told the children to stay where they were, and to play quietly, until he came back for them.

"Look at that tree over there," said Gordon. "It is just the right kind to climb."

"Yes," said Donald, "we can shin up it just as easy. There's another. Let's each choose a tree for our own, and then see who can climb up first."

"That 'll be fine," Gordon assented.

"There is a lovely climbable tree over there," said Ednah. "I 'll take that one, because I can't climb as well as you boys can."

They stood at an equal distance from the trees, having first paced the distance to make it exact. Ednah then counted, "one, two, three," and they started on the run. Presently four children each began to scramble up a tree.

"I've got up first," Gordon shouted. "What fun it is! New York is a pretty decent place, after all."

Just then he saw a policeman coming with an angry face. He seized Gordon by the jacket and roughly pulled him down.

"Look here, young scamp," he said, "don't you know it is against the law to climb trees in Central Park? I can arrest you for this."

"I'm not a young scamp," said Gordon hotly, "and I didn't know it was against the law. I think New York is a dreadful place. If you were to come where we live you could climb all the trees you wanted, right in our back yard, and we'd never say a word."

"Thanks," said the policeman drily. "There's another kid climbing a tree, and another, by Jove, and the Lord preserve us! there's a little girl."

"It's only Ednah, my sister; she didn't mean any harm," Gordon protested, as the policeman stalked off.

“ See here, young lady,” he said, going up to Ednah, “ I don’t know what part of the world you ’ve come from, but it ’s just as well you should know first as last that Central Park is n’t no primeval forest. It is well enough to climb trees if you are in the backwoods, but this is Central Park, New York city, where you are at present, and climbing trees is trespassing, and trespassing is an offense as can be punished.”

“ I did n’t know it,” said Ednah, with large, frightened eyes, as she climbed down in a great hurry. “ I ’m very sorry. I ’ll never do so again.”

“ I bet you won’t,” said the policeman.

He walked up to Donald next, and began to lecture him.

Donald swung himself down without a word, but with rage in his heart.

The policeman then went over to Jack’s tree.

Jack had secured a pleasant retreat in the branches and was in no hurry to come down. He looked at the policeman with a confiding smile.

“ Mr. Policeman,” he said, “ you don’t know how nice it is up in this tree. Did n’t you like to climb trees when you were a little boy ? ”

The policeman’s heart softened to Jack, he was such a small boy and his smile was so friendly.

“Yes,” he confessed, “but I did n’t live in New York city.”

“I did n’t until last night,” Jack answered him. “I hate it. It’s much nicer in the country. Don’t you think New York is a horrid old place, Mr. Policeman?”

“You’re about right there, young one.”

“But Central Park seems like the country,” said Jack.

“You’ve got to come down out of that tree, just the same,” the policeman stated, as Jack climbed up well out of his reach.

“Do you think you can make me come down?” laughed Jack.

“I can climb up after you.”

“Do. It’s lots more fun for two to be in a tree together.”

“I guess you would n’t think so if I once got a-holt of you.”

“But you could tell me stories ‘bout when you were a little boy.”

The other children had gathered around Jack’s tree, and were waiting breathlessly to see what would happen next.

“You must come down, right straight off, Jack,” Ednah commanded.

“I ’ll come down when I get ready.”

A crowd of people had begun to collect by this time and were looking up into the tree to see what was the trouble. Among them were Mr. Beverly and his friend.

“What ’s up now, I wonder ?” Mr. Beverly was asking.

“A little boy seems to be up a tree.”

“These street urchins are perfectly lawless,” said Mr. Beverly. “I believe the New York Mick is a class by himself. He has n’t one of the characteristics of a country boy. Good heavens !” he exclaimed, as he came nearer. “It is one of my own children. Jack, you young rascal ! Come down out of that tree at once,” he ordered.

“Father,” said Jack, as they were walking home together, “is there anything else you can’t do in New York ?”

“What do you mean ?”

“You can’t walk on the grass, and you can’t climb trees, and I think New York is a horrid old place.”

## JACK'S ADVENTURE

JACK was the most sociable of all the Beverlys, and if you are of a social turn of mind there are many chances in New York to make friends. To begin with, there were the boys at school, with whom Jack was soon on intimate terms, then there was the policeman in the park, who became one of his great chums, and there were the street-sweepers in their suits of white, and the elevator-boys, and the conductors on the electric cars. There were also the clerks in the stores, who were very interesting, especially the tissue-paper man, who kept a little shop on Eighth Avenue, and sold newspapers and magazines, lead pencils, tissue-paper in all the hues of the rainbow, and many other useful things.

One afternoon Jack wanted a new blue lead pencil. The older children had gone with their father to the other end of the city, to make a call. The house was a long way off, and as Jack had a cold, his mother thought he had better not go with them. She had just gone down to a friend's studio in the building, and she told Jack to stay where he

was until she came back. She said she should not be away more than half an hour.

Jack found that he could not finish the beautiful picture of Spanish and American soldiers which he was coloring without a blue lead pencil. To be sure he might have painted the uniforms, but he had put in all the red parts with a red pencil, and he was too good an artist to like to mix paints and pencils.

"I can't find you anywhere, you old blue lead pencil," he said to himself, "and you were very short, anyway. I should have to get a new one soon. Mother said to stay here, but she didn't know I needed a new lead pencil when she said that. If she were here, of course she'd let me go to Eighth Avenue." A pause. "I might go down and ask her." Another pause. "That would never do, for I'm not sure what studio she is in. Well, I'm pretty sure, but there would be ladies there having an afternoon-tea, and I know mother would rather have me go to Eighth Avenue without asking leave than to interrupt her. When she said I could not go with the others on account of my cold she meant because it was so far. She would not mind my just going to Eighth Avenue. It's awful stupid in the house. The air will do me good. I have never

been alone, but there must be a first time, and I know the way. I guess I 'll take along my roller-skates and leave them to be mended."

So Jack put on his cap and jacket, took his roller-skates under his arm and started forth.

"Hullo!" said the elevator boy, as Jack got into the elevator.

"Hullo!" said Jack.

"Where are you going?"

"To do an errand."

"All alone?"

"Yes, it is something very important."

The boy said nothing more, and Jack got out of the elevator and began to walk along Fifty-seventh Street. He reached the shop on Eighth Avenue without any adventures.

"Hullo, old chap," said the tissue-paper man. "Have you come for a newspaper or a magazine? I suppose you are interested in the last news from the Philippines?" he added jocosely.

"Yes, I am. We 've all taken sides at our house. Father and mother, and Donald and Gordon want the Filipinos to get beaten right away, but Ednah and I are for Aguinaldo."

"Indeed," said the man, somewhat startled by this news.

“I’ve come for a blue pencil,” Jack went on, “but I’d like a newspaper if it doesn’t cost too much. The kind that has pictures of soldiers in it we can paint, and a map of the seat of war.”

“This is about what you want, I guess.”

Jack had never bought a newspaper before, and was surprised to find he could get such a mass of reading matter with pictures and a map for so little money. He asked his friend where he could get his roller-skates mended, and was directed to a shop on another street.

Jack could not find the place, and began to fear he had taken a wrong turn. He was getting somewhat discouraged when he saw a boy, a little larger than Donald, coming towards him. He was rather a seedy looking boy with a ragged overcoat. Jack wondered how he had torn it, and why his mother did not mend it. Perhaps he did not have any mother.

“Hullo,” said the boy.

“Hullo,” said Jack.

The boy had such a pleasant smile that Jack asked him if he knew the place where they mended roller-skates.

“Yep,” he answered.

“Where is it?”

“I’ll show you.”

Jack thought this was most kind, for his new friend had to turn back and go considerably out of his way.

“How old are you?” Jack asked, as they were walking along together.

“Ten.”

“Ednah’ll be ten her next birthday. You are lots bigger than she is.”

“Who’s Ednah?”

“My sister.”

“I don’t think Ednah’s much of a name. My sister’s name is Beatrice Madeline.”

“What a lovely name! Is she very pretty?”

“Yep. She has curls like gold and large brown eyes with black lashes. Has your sister curly golden hair?”

“No; it is straight and brown, but she is very dear.”

Jack wondered more than ever why a boy whose sister must look like a princess had a ragged over-coat.

“Do you live round here,” he asked, with a faint hope that he might see the charming Beatrice Madeline.

“I don’t live anywhere regular,” said the boy nonchalantly. “I live round in different places.”

"That's like us," commented Jack. "Sometimes we live in the country, and sometimes we live with grandma, and sometimes we live in New York. Where does Beatrice Madeline live?"

"In the country with a deaf old great-aunt, who's kind of a witch and is very cruel to her. She feeds her on bread-and-water and makes her sleep on hay."

"Poor Beatrice Madeline!" said Jack. "Ednah sleeps in what we call the hay-loft, but she has a very comfortable bed, and it is n't really a hay-loft; we only named it that because she has to go up a step-ladder to get to it. Don't you think it is fun to pretend things are one thing when they are really another?"

"Yes, I do," said the boy, with a twinkle in his eye. "Speaking of beds," he went on, "I sometimes sleep in an alley-way. It is rather chilly, nights; but it's better than living with the old witch."

"I should think so."

Jack dropped his newspaper at this point, and the boy picked it up for him.

"You've got rather a heavy load," he remarked. "Let me carry the skates."

"Oh, no," said Jack, "we shall get there in a minute."

“Just give them to me ; I want to see if they are the same make as mine.”

Jack handed them over, and then, to his intense surprise, he saw the boy run away as fast as he could, with the skates in his hand. At first Jack thought he must be going to a fire, or running to some one’s assistance, but when it dawned on him that the boy and the skates were never coming back, he felt very unhappy. He started to run after him, but his new friend had gone in among the horses and carriages, where poor Jack did not dare to follow.

A lump came in Jack’s throat when he thought of the skates, for he had only had them a short time, but worse than this was the outraged feeling of misplaced confidence and affection. He had begun to love the boy, and it was terrible to find he was a thief. “Yes, that is what he is,” said Jack. “I’ve been robbed ; and he had such a nice face, and I did n’t mind his ragged coat, and it was so interesting about his sister and the old witch, and now I’m not sure he had any sister, or that there is any old witch. That’s the worst of it. A boy who would steal would tell lies.”

“Why Jack, my little boy, I did n’t think you could be so disobedient,” his mother said, when he

at last reached home. "You've given me a great scare. I've been hunting the building over for you."

Jack hung his head.

"Did n't you know it was wrong to go out without asking me?"

Jack hesitated. "I was n't sure," he said. "And I did want a blue lead pencil so much. And, oh, mother, I've met a robber."

Then he told his mother the sad tale about Beatrice Madeline and the witch, and how the boy had gone off with his roller-skates. "And mother, the way that boy went right in among the horses and carriages did not satisfy me. And oh, mother, do you suppose there is any Beatrice Madeline?"

"My dear, I am afraid that boy lives all the time in a world where things pretend to be one thing and are really another."

## APRIL WOODS

EARLY in April Mrs. Beverly and the children left New York and came to New England to spend two months with Mrs. Beverly's father and mother, and Mr. Beverly joined them for a few days at a time, whenever his work would permit.

Before very long, Miss Grace Winchester came over for a little visit of a day and a night. She had hardly got inside the door when she was seized upon by four children.

"Aunt Grace, would you like to come and see the hens and chickens?" asked Donald.

"Aunt Grace, I must show you the dear maltese kitten," said Jack.

"She must see where our company drills in the barn," said Gordon. "We have real wooden swords and muskets."

"I want to show you the little gardens grandma is going to let us have," said Ednah.

So Miss Winchester was taken on a tour around the place, and was delighted with everything, espe-

cially with the six dear, downy, fluffy little chickens just hatched out, four of them black and two yellow. The boys were kicking football as they accompanied her, and she had to duck her head two or three times to escape being hit, and this, in connection with the swords and muskets, made her feel as if she were in a warlike and dangerous country.

The next morning Miss Winchester proposed taking the children to the woods.

Mrs. Beverly had to go to paint the portrait of a little boy, and this seemed a terrible waste of time to the children, for it was such a lovely day,—a day made on purpose for going to the woods.

“I’m sure he would lots rather come with us than have his picture painted,” said Jack.

“I suppose it is not such a treat to you, Nan, as it is to me, to go off with four children,” said their aunt Grace.

“I very seldom have a chance to go to the woods with them. I am sorry I have this appointment. I think perhaps you can find some violets and hepaticas. I will get some lunch for you.”

“I don’t believe we shall want any, as we are coming back to dinner,” Miss Winchester observed; but a glance at the faces of the children made her change her mind.

Ednah carried the lunch basket, and she borrowed another old basket and a trowel of Katie the cook, and they all went down to the road to wait for the electric car. They had decided to go to the Blue Hill Reservation, where they had none of them been before.

“Jack, I wish you could keep on your cap,” sighed Ednah.

“It is n’t my cap,” he said cheerfully. “I borrowed it of Donald, and it does n’t fit at all. I guess I ’ll put it in the basket.”

“No, you must try to keep it on, because you have got such a cold.”

Donald wandered off to a marshy pond, and walked part way in.

“Donald, you will get your feet wet,” expostulated his aunt Grace.

“I ’ve got on water-tight boots,” he explained proudly.

“We are going to have water-tight boots next year,” said the little boys.

“What are you doing now?” Miss Winchester asked in despair, a few minutes later, for Gordon and Jack had climbed to the top of some high rocks. “You must stay with me, or we shall never get an electric car, and they go only once in half an hour.”

"We are playing Swiss Family Robinson, and this is our cave," they called down. "Come up, Aunt Grace, and you can be the mother. It is rather steep, but you can sort of shin up on your hands and knees, and we'll help you."

"Thank you; it sounds very fascinating, but here comes the electric car."

They climbed in, and the conductor let them out when they reached the Blue Hill Reservation.

There were no pines or hemlocks among these woods, so that they were a forest of bare branches, untouched as yet by green. They looked as if they were having a long sleep. April woods are not nearly so interesting as May or June woods, but when one has been living in an apartment in New York, one is not too particular. It was a very brambly wood, and there was no regular path.

"Come, Aunt Grace, come and see this dear little brook with moss growing in it," Donald called out presently.

Ednah stopped to dig up some with her trowel, and she put it in her basket.

"What kind of moss is this, Aunt Grace?" she asked. "And is it moss, anyway; or is it fresh water sea-weed?"

"I don't know."

“What kind of clouds are those big fluffy ones?” Gordon inquired. “They have a special name. Father has told me, but I forget.”

“I don’t know what they are.”

“Aunt Grace, what kind of a tree is that with the tiny green buds?” Jack asked.

“I don’t know. I can’t tell until the leaves are out.”

“Can’t you tell by the buds if you come over very near?”

“No.”

“Aunt Grace, what sort of a bird is that?” questioned Donald.

“I don’t know. I’m so near-sighted I can’t see it distinctly.”

“But it is singing. Can’t you tell by the song?”

“No, Donald, I’m a very ignorant person.”

And yet her ignorance did not at all interfere with the indescribable joy she felt in the approach of spring. The soft green moss in the brook, the unknown bird singing his enchanting song, and the tender shoots of green pushing their way out from the branches that looked so bare and dead, were all part of that wonderful miracle of the incoming spring, which is no less a miracle whether one knows a little more or a little less.

The boys, meanwhile, had dived into the under-brush and disappeared.

"I hope you don't mind the brambles, Aunt Grace," said Ednah. "It is just the kind of a wood that I like."

Miss Winchester ducked her head, for her hat was being caught on a branch, and she held up her long skirt and tried to look as if a brambly wood was the kind she liked the best.

They went on and on, looking in vain for hepaticas and violets, but the only flower they could find was a solitary dandelion that looked so like a star in the green grass they could not bear to pick it. By and by Ednah and her aunt Grace came back to the brook to rest. A soldier in a blue uniform was waiting there too. He was on a bay horse, and dismounted to drink some water, making a cup with his two hands. He had a white dog with black ears, and the dog also stopped to get a drink of water in the brook.

"Have you found any *highpaticas*?" the soldier asked.

"No," Ednah replied. "We are looking for them."

"You will find them back there," he said, with a wave of his hand. "There don't any flowers grow around here."

“ Does he have anything to do with the park? ” Ednah asked, as the soldier rode away, “ or did he just happen to come here? ” But as usual Miss Winchester did not know.

Ednah looked in her basket to make sure her trowel was there, in case she found any hepaticas.

“ Dear me, I ’ve lost it, ” she said, “ and it ’s Katie’s, and she did n’t want to give it to me. ”

Ednah ran back to hunt for the trowel, but as there was no path in the brambly wood she might as well have looked for a needle in a hay-mow. She came back disconsolately.

“ It has gone forever, ” she lamented, “ and I shall have to buy her another. ”

“ I am so sorry, ” said her aunt Grace, but all the same she wondered how Ednah could have been so careless. Just then Miss Winchester put her hand in her jacket pocket to take out her handkerchief.

“ Dear me, ” she cried, “ I have lost my gloves. I thought they were quite safe in my jacket pocket. ”

“ That is what I thought about the trowel in the basket, ” said Ednah sympathetically.

“ How careless we have both been, ” said her aunt Grace.

“ It makes me feel so glad to know you have been careless too, ” Ednah confessed. “ Is n’t that

a horrid way to feel? I hope they weren't new gloves?"

"I had only worn them twice."

Ednah ran back to look for them in the brambly wood, but they had vanished as completely as the trowel.

The boys had now come up, and they were all so hungry they decided to have their lunch at once, and give up trying to find any hepaticas.

"If we did find them, we haven't any trowel to dig them up with," said Ednah.

"And if we had the trowel it is against the rule to dig them up," said Miss Winchester. "I've been reading the regulations."

"Dear me, have I got to go all the way back and plant my seaweed moss in the brook again?" Ednah asked.

"I am sure they would not mind your keeping that."

Donald found a flat rock in the wood, and here they sat while they ate their luncheon, and although Miss Winchester had thought it was not worth while to take any as they were going to get home to a one o'clock dinner, she seemed just as hungry as the others. There were two sandwiches for each person and one doughnut apiece. They were so

thirsty when they had finished their meal, that they decided to take the car home, for Miss Winchester did not dare to have them drink the brook water. As they were just coming out of the wood a small butterfly of the brightest shade of azure blue lighted on the ground close to Donald. They all gave an exclamation of delight. Quick as a flash Donald put his cap over the little wanderer.

“I’ve got him,” he cried triumphantly, “and I’m going to take him home.”

Ednah lifted the cap and the butterfly spread its azure wings and flew away.

“Ednah, you ought n’t to have done that,” Donald said indignantly. “It was my cap, and I caught the butterfly.”

“It is very cruel to catch a butterfly,” said Ednah, “and I am glad I let it go.”

“Let’s tell a story while we are waiting for the car,” Gordon suggested, “and you begin it, Aunt Grace.”

“Very well, I will. Once upon a time a boy and a girl lived on the edge of a lake in a forest, and their grandfather made them go out fishing in a boat, and one night, when they had not caught any fish all day, the boy felt something very heavy dragging at the end of his line; and he pulled and he pulled

until he pulled up something with the head of a woman and the tail of a fish, and it was a most beautiful mermaid."

"In fresh water?" Ednah asked incredulously.

"It was a fresh water mermaid," Miss Winchester explained hastily.

"Oh, how lovely! I never heard of that kind before."

"Neither had Hosea and Huldah."

"I don't think the boy and girl had very pretty names, do you, Aunt Grace?"

"They were old family names. They were called for their great-grandfather and great-grandmother. Now the children wondered very much how the mermaid happened to be in a fresh water lake, and they said, 'Dear mermaid, have you always lived here? Or did you use to live in the sea? And are you all alone in the lake, or have you brothers and sisters?' And she replied, 'It is a long and very interesting story,— a thrilling chapter of my life.' Here comes the electric car; we must all run, for there won't be another for half an hour."

"Oh, Aunt Grace, I want to know about the mermaid."

"It is your turn to go on with the story, Ednah. That is the good thing about leaving a story unfinished. Everybody can end it as they please."

The car was so crowded that they could not sit together, so nothing more could be learned of the mermaid's strange history.

"Jack, where is your cap?" Ednah asked when they reached home.

"Don't you remember? I put it in the basket."

"Oh, yes."

"It might have been much worse," said Miss Winchester philosophically. "It would have been possible to lose three things instead of two."

"It is lost!" said Ednah in woebegone tones. "Don't you remember I put your cap on your head again?"

"So you did."

Donald ran on before the others. He saw his father sitting on the porch.

"Father, we've lost three things," he announced cheerfully. "Aunt Grace lost her gloves, Ednah lost Katie's trowel, and Jack lost my cap."

"Rather a disastrous expedition, I should say. What did you find? Any hepaticas?"

"No."

"Any violets?"

"No."

"Anything at all?"

"A beautiful blue butterfly. I caught him under

my cap, but Ednah let him out because she said it was cruel."

"So you lost the butterfly too. Did you lose your appetites?"

"No, father. We've got them yet. We're awfully hungry. Aunt Grace says she can't stay to dinner, because she has got to go home and get another pair of gloves to wear to the symphony rehearsal. I should n't think she'd mind going without gloves, should you, father?"

"I should not mind going without them," Mr. Beverly replied. "And I'm sure you would n't, Donald. Can't she borrow some of your mother?"

"Mother wears too small a size."

"Well, if a woman is such a devotee of fashion that she feels she must wear gloves to a symphony rehearsal, I am afraid we shall have to let her go home."

"Aunt Grace, before you go, won't you tell us how the mermaid got into the fresh water pond?" begged the children.

"It is a long story. Ednah will tell you; but there is one thing I do know about the mermaid."

"What is that, Aunt Grace?"

"She was never in her life prevented from doing what she wanted to do because she had lost her gloves."

## THE BARN THEATRE

IT was very fortunate that Emily and Rachel Grey lived next door to the Beverlys' grandmother, for there were three boys and three girls to join in all the games. Philip, unfortunately, was away at school. In pleasant weather the children played on the rocks, or under the trees, and when it rained they found there was no place so good for house-keeping as an unused barn.

One rainy morning, when they were playing there, a wide barn door, standing against the wall, fell over with a great crash. As Ednah looked at the platform the door made, a bright idea struck her.

“We'll make it into a stage and have a theatre,” she said.

The other children were enchanted with this idea, and in the course of time the barn was transformed into a theatre. The door, on the top of six barrels made a very successful stage, and an old calico patchwork quilt hung across a string was a perfect curtain.

“Let’s act ‘Silver Hair and the Three Bears,’ ” said Rachel. “I’ll be Silver Hair, because my hair is so light and long; and the boys can be the three bears, big, middle-sized, and little; and you and Ednah can be audience, Emily.”

“But we want to have parts, too. Let’s act ‘Cinderella,’ ” said Emily. “Ednah can be Cinderella, and you and I will be the proud sisters; Gordon can be prince,—princes always have golden hair and blue eyes; Donald can be the father, and Jack can be fairy-godmother.”

“But I don’t want to be a woman,” protested Jack. “I’d rather be the smallest bear.”

“Let’s act ‘The Rose and the Ring,’ ” said Donald.

“There are too many parts in that,” Ednah returned. “The theatre isn’t large enough. We should have to show the stage first with the furniture, without any people, and then take off the furniture and let the people go on.”

“Never mind, it will be fun to act it. I know a lot of the Rose and the Ring, by heart. I’ll be the royal king of Paflagonia, and then I can wear a gold crown.”

“I don’t know a word of the Rose and the Ring,” Rachel objected, “I’m going to be Silver Hair, any-

way," and she climbed on the stage by the help of a chair.

"I'd rather act 'Cinderella,'" said Gordon, who was charmed by the prospect of being prince.

"I am going to be the royal king of Paflagonia," said Donald, "and I shall steal Giglio's crown," and he seized Jack's Tam o' Shanter. "'Why did I steal my nephew's, my young Giglio's crown? Steal? No, not steal. I took, and on my manly head I set the royal crown of Paflagonia.'"

"I thought of the three bears first, so you ought to act my play," said Rachel.

"I took, and on my manly head I set the royal crown of Paflagonia," Donald reiterated.

"Cinderella, beautiful maiden with the dainty foot, how well that slipper fits you," and Gordon took hold of Rachel's shoe.

"Don't, Gordon. I am Silver Hair. Oh, what lovely porridge, and what a comfortable middle-sized chair."

"I took, and on my manly head I set'" —

"The most delicious porridge."

"Children, I shall go crazy if you all act different things," said Emily. "Here is your mother," she added in a tone of relief. "Perhaps she can decide what we are to act."

Mrs. Beverly who had come to summon them to dinner, had to listen to a story told in six different ways by as many children.

When she had heard them to the end, she said quietly, "Why don't you act all three plays?"

"We never thought of that," said the children, much pleased by this simple solution of their difficulties.

"After dinner I will think of a charade," Mrs. Beverly continued, "which will take in 'Cinderella,' and 'The Rose and the Ring,' and 'Silver Hair,' and you can rehearse it this rainy afternoon by yourselves, and some pleasant day you can act it, and your father and I, and your grandfather and grandmother will be audience, and we'll send for Aunt Grace."

The rehearsing was almost more fun than the acting, and perhaps the children enjoyed most of all going up into the shadowy attic, where there was a trunk full of old-fashioned clothes that Mrs. Beverly's mother allowed them to use. The three little girls bent their heads over the contents of this trunk, pulling out one valuable piece of stage property after another, an old coal-scuttle bonnet, some faded silk gowns, two red camel's-hair shawls, and some white muslin neck handkerchiefs.

“I want to wear that lovely old bonnet,” said Rachel.

“But Silver Hair did not wear any bonnet,” Ednah reminded her.

“Never mind. I must wear it. I can take it off as soon as I get to the bear’s house.”

The word they were to act was “barefoot.”

When the great day came, five grown-people assembled to witness the performance. Emily was prompter and stage manager in the first scene, and Ednah helped her with the curtain. To say it rose, would be far from the truth ; it was pulled to one side, after a good deal of difficulty, and whispered advice from the children.

The curtain being disposed of, a brilliant scene greeted the audience. A small table, set with three places, occupied the greater part of the stage, and behind it and at the two sides were three chairs, big, middle-sized, and little. At the left of the stage was a window. It was made by two sheets that were hung across a line, and between them, at the top and bottom, two towels had been sewed, leaving a square hole that was draped with red camel’s-hair curtains.

“What an enchanting window,” Miss Grace Winchester murmured.

Presently, at the back of the stage, Silver Hair

appeared in her best white gown and blue sash, with the poke-bonnet and its blue cape almost covering her yellow hair.

“What a nice house,” she observed. “I think I’ll take off my bonnet and have a little rest. These new-fashioned bonnets are so hot! What is this delicious food? Porridge! and it is oat-meal, my favorite kind. Here is a comfortable chair,” and she sank into the large one that faced the audience. “Dear me! I feel like a needle in a hay-mow, it is so big and I am so little, and this porridge is much too hot.”

She tried the next chair, but it was too small, and the oat-meal was too cold. At last she sank into the third chair at the end of the table by the window.

“This is just right,” she said. “It is n’t too large or too small, and the porridge is done to a turn, it’s neither too hot nor too cold. I think I’ll take a nap.”

“There ought to be beds in this house,” she confided presently to the audience, “but there was n’t room, so I’ll have to take a nap in my chair, and I can’t sit the bottom out, because I’ve got to be in it when the bear comes, and anyway, we did n’t have that kind of a chair.”

Her blue eyes closed, her head nodded lower and lower until her yellow hair rested on the table. There was a profound silence. Suddenly a strange animal leaped on the stage. It was clothed in brown cotton flannel, and had large ears and a short, and wonderfully successful tail. The audience held its breath.

“Who has been eating my porridge?” the bear demanded in tones that would have frightened a stouter heart than that of Silver Hair.

This bear was obliged to make his exit before his son came on, because the children had found that one bear at a time on the small stage was more effective, but he stood near by and kept up a terrific growling.

“Be quiet, Donald,” Rachel was obliged to remark. “Nobody can hear a word we say.”

“The bear’s name is Donald,” she explained, recovering herself, “his chair is marked, so I know.”

The little bear was very much distressed that his porridge had been tampered with, but when the middle-sized bear appeared, one felt that the crisis had come. This bear stopped to turn a somerset on the barn floor before he mounted the stage. He then demanded in his middle-sized voice, “Who has been tasting my porridge, and eaten it all up? And

who — my goodness! who is sitting in my favorite chair? A little girl! If little girls eat my porridge, I am going to eat little girls!"

This was indeed a thrilling moment. Silver Hair dashed madly out of the open window with a heart-rending cry, and the curtain wabbled across the stage again with slow, uncertain movements.

"That is the end of the first scene," said a voice from behind the curtain. "Have you guessed the word?"

"It is n't spelled right," said the largest bear.

"Hush, Donald."

In the next scene, "foot," Cinderella and her two sisters were sitting by the fire. The little table that had lately been in the bear's house was the mantel-piece, and an iron teakettle hung from the bottom of it to represent a kettle on a crane. Some sticks were laid in the fireplace ready to light.

"I think we won't have any fire to-day, it is so hot," Cinderella remarked.

She looked very beautiful, even in her ragged gown. The proud sisters were dressed in two of the old-fashioned silks that had come out of the trunk in the attic. Emily's was a silvery gray, and Rachel's was pink and white. Their trains were

so long that they went completely across the stage. They had white ostrich feathers in their hair, which was done up very high, and each had an embroidered muslin handkerchief tied around her neck.

Presently the prince came in, wearing a dark blue velvet cotton-flannel suit, and a hat with plumes. He kneeled down gracefully, and tried the slipper first on one sister and then on the other, but it was not the right size.

“I’m going to get that ragged lady to put on the slipper,” he said. “Her foot has a familiar look.”

“That is only Cinderella. She did n’t go to the ball!” the sisters exclaimed scornfully; but the prince persisted in his plan.

“It fits!” he cried. “Beautiful Cinderella, I have been looking for you for days and days. I think you have the prettiest foot in all the world. And I love you very much,” he added as an afterthought.

At these words Cinderella took off her ragged gown, and under it was a white ball dress spangled over with silver.

For the whole word, little Betsinda, in other words Rachel, ate her plum bun, and danced before the king and queen of Paflagonia, with one shoe on and one foot bare, while Angelica and Giglio and Prince

Bulbo all watched her with interest. Donald was happy at last, as he strutted about the stage with a real crown on, made of glittering gilt paper.

Everybody was delighted with the charade, and the audience guessed the word, which was a great surprise to the children.

“ Oh, dear,” said Rachel. “ I’m sorry it is all over.

‘ Oh, what fun to have a plum bun,  
How I *wis* it never was done ! ’ ”

“ Never mind, it is only over for to-day,” said Ednah consolingly. “ We are going to be here a week longer. We have time to act a lot of other plays in the barn theatre.”

## A GYPSY JOURNEY

EDNAH and her mother had always wanted to be gypsies, not forever, but long enough to see what it was like. To sleep out of doors, with no roof but the blue sky, to breathe air sweet with the scent of wild roses, pines, and new-mown hay, and to pick berries by the roadside, seemed to them the next best thing to being wild creatures of the woods.

Ednah's mother was a fortunate person, for if she made a plan she was almost sure to carry it out sometime, and so it happened that a desire Mrs. Beverly had had when she was a little girl was gratified the summer Ednah was ten years old. The Beverlys were invited to spend a week with some friends who had their summer camp on the top of the highest mountain in Pennsylvania, in a forest, on the edge of a lake. They could have gone by rail to the foot of the mountain, but who would choose a tiresome all-day's journey in the cindery cars, when the alternative was a week spent in driving through the picturesque parts of New York and Pennsylvania?

Miss Grace Winchester promised to come and stay with the two little boys while the rest of the family were gone, for unfortunately there was not room for all four children in the carryall.

“Your father and I will have to be up at three o’clock to-morrow, so as to get ready to start by six,” said Mrs. Beverly, the night before their departure, “but you children can sleep until five.”

“Oh, mother dear, I am going to wake at three so as to help you,” said Ednah.

She was too excited to close her eyes for a long time after she went to bed, and lay staring out of the window at the trellis-work of leaves against the moonlight, wondering how it would seem to be sleeping far away from any house, with only the friendly moon and whispering trees for companions. At last she fell asleep and awoke with a start. Surely it must be three o’clock, it was so light. She got up and went to the window. No, it was only her old friend the moon that made everything so bright it seemed almost like day.

One, two, — the clock was beginning to strike. Three, four, five, — that was impossible ; there must be something wrong with the clock ; six, seven, eight, nine, — was it so early in the night ? How disappointing ! Ten, eleven, twelve ! Midnight, the

hour when the fairies hold their revels. Ednah believed in fairies in the same way she believed that Miss Grace Winchester was her aunt, and now she looked down into the hollow and pretended that the white yucca lilies gleaming in the moonlight were fairy bells, and as the hollyhocks were stirred by the wind she imagined she saw the flutter of fairy gowns. She crept back to bed and decided to stay awake until three o'clock, but the next thing she knew her mother was calling, "Wake up, Ednah; I've let you sleep until the last minute."

"Oh, dear!" she said, "I was going to help you such a lot."

"Never mind, dear, we got on very well without you."

It was wonderful how much could go into that carryall. There was a bag of feed for the horses, and a most interesting looking hamper which Ednah longed to open; there were wraps, blankets, a valise, and what was far more exciting, a hammock, and an iron kettle, besides many other equally unexpected articles.

"Father, let me sit in front with you," Ednah begged.

"Oh, father," said Donald, "I want to sit there. It is more polite to let the ladies sit behind."

“Don’t you think it is more polite to let the ladies sit where they want to sit?” his father asked. “Ednah shall start in front with me, and by and by we’ll change.”

They were just driving out of the avenue when Mr. Beverly exclaimed, “The hatchet! How could I forget the hatchet!”

He handed the reins to Ednah. She was just a little frightened, for there were two horses. She hoped they would not realize who had them in charge and take it into their heads to run away.

At last they really started, and as they came to the bend in the road they waved a final good-by to Miss Grace Winchester and the maids, who were watching them from the window.

“We are really gypsies! We are really gypsies!” Ednah cried, and Donald caught up the refrain.

“We are really gypsies! We are really gypsies!” they shouted in chorus.

“My dear children,” Mrs. Beverly said, putting her hands over her ears, “you will be gypsies just the same if you don’t say quite so much about it.”

What a day that was! An enchanted day, beginning with the freshness of a July morning, when the dew was on the grass and the birds were singing, and the world seemed so wide awake while

most of the people in it were fast asleep. Stupid people, who did not realize that nature is at her best at six o'clock, and has many secrets to share with the friends who take the trouble to come and see her. A long, long summer's day, deliciously cool at first, but so hot by eleven o'clock that they decided to drive into a field and rest for a few hours. They came to a lovely shady place near a brook, where there was a deserted house and an unoccupied barn.

"We will hang our hammock under that walnut-tree," said Mrs. Beverly, "and I will lie down and rest a few minutes, and by and by I will make a sketch."

The children went off to hunt for berries, as they did not want to be put in the picture. They found some raspberries growing in great numbers by the side of a stone wall. This was very convenient, for they could sit on the wall while they filled their mouths and their tin cups with the red, juicy berries.

Mr. Beverly meanwhile had put the horses into the barn and gone off to a neighboring farmhouse for some milk.

"I'm going to be a painter when I grow up," Ednah confided to Donald,— "the outdoor kind.

I shall live in a carriage all summer, and if anybody wants me to paint them they 'll have to follow along, and I 'll paint them out of doors."

"Suppose it rains?" suggested Donald.

"I 'll only paint people on pleasant days. The light will be wrong if it rains."

When it was time for dinner Mrs. Beverly called the children.

"Did you make a sketch, mother?" Donald asked, when they reached the brook.

"Hardly. You should have seen me wrestling with the dinner. I am afraid I shall not have time for much sketching on this trip."

The hamper reminded Ednah and Donald of the mother's enchanted bag in the "Swiss Family Robinson," for on the top of the mossy rock which was their table were some tin plates and cups and knives and forks and spoons. Mrs. Beverly emptied the berries into one of the plates and washed the cups in the brook, and then she filled each cup with some hot steaming soup.

"What kind of soup is this, mother?" Ednah asked. "It is very good."

"Mock turtle soup."

"Where did you get it?"

"I caught the turtle in the brook."

"You did n't, mother. You are just making fun. Turtles live in the sea. It is n't a real turtle."

"I never said it was. I told you it was a mock turtle."

"A mock turtle is a make-believe turtle, is n't it, mother?"

"Yes."

"And you did n't get it in the brook?"

"No; if you must know all about it, I have a can of mock-turtle soup with me, and while you were getting our dessert I was heating the soup in the kettle."

"How did you heat it?"

"Over a fire."

"Where did you make the fire?"

"Over there by the stone wall."

"We are mock gypsies, are n't we, mother?"  
Donald asked.

"Yes."

"I never tasted such delicious berries," said Mr. Beverly.

"It is the sweetest milk I ever drank," said Donald.

"The chicken sandwiches are fine," remarked Ednah.

They were just finishing their dinner when a load

of hay drawn by two white horses came slowly up the road. The driver glanced at the Beverlys with a sullen look, as he went past them, but when he reached the barn and saw the horses where he wanted his horses to be, he turned around and faced them angrily.

“Who has been putting his horses in my barn?” he thundered.

“He talks just as the biggest bear talked to Silver Hair,” Ednah whispered to Donald.

“They are my horses,” Mr. Beverly replied. “I thought it was a deserted barn.”

“I dunno why you should think my barn was deserted,” said the irate man. “You’ve just got to get out of this double quick, confound you.”

“All right. We are going to get out, as soon as we can pack up our things. We are taking a driving journey,” Mr. Beverly explained.

The man looked somewhat mollified when he heard this statement.

“I will pay for the use of the barn,” Mr. Beverly added, and he took a quarter of a dollar out of his pocket-book.

The man’s face underwent a sudden transformation, and he fairly beamed with satisfaction.

“Thank you, sir,” he said.

After this adventure the Beverlys drove on and on through the pleasant farming country, where green meadows dotted with hay-cocks, shady, wooded roads, and attractive farms made a picture at every turn. Late in the afternoon, they began to look out for a place to spend the night. Unfortunately the mosquitoes were in search of the same thing, and everywhere that they decided to camp those miserable little insects had arrived before them. Finally the Beverlys left the low land and the air grew cooler for they were getting up among the hills.

“Here is a good place for our camp,” said Mrs. Beverly at last.

They were very high up now, and far away in the distance they could see the mountains. Mr. Beverly drove into a field where the grass was unmown and very long, and he took the horses out of the carriage and fastened them to a fence.

“I’m going to let you be fire-maker, Donald,” he said. “If I am coachman and your mother is cook, and Ednah washes the dishes, your part will be to make fires. First, we must find a good safe place, and then we must cut three crotched sticks to hang the kettle on, gypsy fashion.”

The children’s eyes danced with delight.



"GYPSY FASHION"



Mr. Beverly and Donald went off to cut the poles with the hatchet, and when the kettle was swinging on the sticks Donald put some kindlings under it and lighted the fire. Before long the water was hot, and Mrs. Beverly boiled some eggs and made tea.

The children were so sleepy when bed-time came that Ednah forgot to stay awake to find out how it would seem to sleep so far from any house. She and Donald were put to bed in the bottom of the wagon, which was filled with hay, and their father and mother slept on another hay bed underneath the carriage.

“It is a two-story house,” said Ednah. “Donald and I are sleeping upstairs and you and father are on the ground floor.”

There were a good many mosquitoes, even on this high land, so Mrs. Beverly took out the mosquito netting, and put it over both stories of their house, pinning it firmly down with stones. It was now dark and the moon was looking at them from above the nearest hill. They saw a man go down the road in the direction whence they had come, but there was no other sign of human life, only the cheerful outdoor sounds that prevented the Beverlys from being lonely anywhere, because there were so many live creatures to share their solitude.

“Good-night, children!” said their mother; but they were already fast asleep.

“I’ll give you just ten minutes to get out of this.”

Ednah rubbed her sleepy eyes, with a confused feeling that she was Silver Hair, and that the biggest bear had found out that she had eaten his porridge; then she remembered she was Ednah Beverly, a little girl in her own bed at home. She must have been dreaming. But no, it was n’t her room, and the bed had a strange feeling as if it were made of hay. She raised herself on her elbow and peered out into the night. The moon was high above the hill now, and shining brightly on the trees and on four men, who were standing by the bars of the fence. They looked very black and weird against the moonlight. Then Ednah remembered where she was, and felt so frightened she longed to go downstairs to her mother; only there were no stairs and she was afraid the men would see her if she got out of the carriage. She put her hand over on Donald and shook him.

“Wake up,” she cried. “Some men want us to get out of their field.”

“Well, I can’t help it if they do,” Donald answered sleepily.

“Will you get out of my field?” shouted the man with the lantern.

“No,” said Mr. Beverly.

“Do be polite, Edward,” Mrs. Beverly entreated, and Ednah felt that matters were very serious, for her mother always called her father “Ned” except on extraordinary occasions.

“If you don’t get out of this field inside ten minutes I’ll send a sheriff after you,” said a second man.

Ednah trembled.

“We are doing no harm,” Mr. Beverly protested. “I’ve tied my horses so they can’t eat the grass.”

“You’re laying on the grass yourselves; you’re flatt’ning down all my good hay.”

“Look here. Do you think the space covered by my wagon will make any difference in your hay crop?”

“Wall, we’ve had gypsies around here about long enough. I tell you you must clear out.”

“He really thinks we are gypsies,” Ednah whispered to Donald.

“We are not gypsies,” said Mr. Beverly, knocking his head against the mosquito netting in a vain attempt to get out. “We are artists traveling for pleasure,” he added, as he disengaged himself from

the netting and strode into the field, confronting the four men. "Do you think it is friendly to rout us up at this time of night?"

"Those that takes to the ways of gypsies must take the consequences," said the man with the lantern, but he spoke less roughly.

Mrs. Beverly meanwhile had gone over to the four men.

"If you say so, we will move on," she said. "Can you tell us a good place where we can sleep without interfering with anybody's hay? It would be more convenient to stay here, for the children are asleep."

"We are not asleep, mother," Donald called out.

"Hush!" said Ednah.

"They were asleep until you waked them up."

"It was Ednah waked me up," Donald felt bound to say in justice to the men.

"Do be quiet," said Ednah.

"If we were to pay for the room our wagon takes up, might we stay here the rest of the night?" Mrs. Beverly asked.

"Well, if you are willing to pay what it's wuth, seeing as you've done all the mischief you can to the grass, I suppose you may as well stay."

"Will fifty cents pay for the hay we have spoiled?" Mr. Beverly inquired.

This was evidently more than the man had expected, for he replied with cheerful alacrity, "Fifty cents 'll do."

Mr. Beverly took two silver quarters out of his pocket-book and handed them to the owner of the field. Then the four men turned in a solemn procession and filed off down the road.

"I would rather be a mock gypsy than a real one," Ednah confided to Donald, as she turned over to go to sleep.

## A PALACE AND A BARN

THE Beverlys had no more startling adventures on their way to the woods, but every day was crowded full of pleasure, with meals beneath green trees, and nights spent in fields under starry skies. After their late experience they found it wiser to hunt up the owners of the fields and get permission to camp there for the night.

“It seems funny to have to ask if you can sleep in a meadow,” said Donald. “It is just as if we were in a great hotel and had to engage an out-of-door room of the landlord.”

“It is like the private rocks at Nahant,” said Ednah.

Sometimes they would stop at farmhouses to buy milk and eggs, and in the villages they would lay in fresh stores of potatoes and canned meats and soups.

At last the time came when they were to sleep under a roof once more, for they had planned to spend one night in the city house of the friends who were waiting for them in their camp in the forest.

They drove up to the marble building, and the butler showed them into the large hall hung with tapestry. It was a beautiful house filled with all sorts of treasures, quaint furniture, and rare pictures and statues, and as the children wandered through the great deserted rooms they felt as if they had suddenly found themselves in a fairy palace.

“We were stolen by the gypsies, but we are really a prince and princess,” Ednah confided to Donald; “and father and mother are king and queen, and now they have got back to their kingdom.”

“No, you are Angelica, and I am the king of Paflagonia,” said Donald, who was ever loyal to “The Rose and the Ring.”

“I took, and on my manly head I set the royal crown”—

“For goodness’ sake, do stop, Donald. I am tired to death of that.”

It was as exciting to sit down to a real table, with dainty china, shining silver, and many courses, as it had been to scramble eggs and roast potatoes by a camp-fire, for this is one of the delightful things about life, that it has so many contrasts.

“It is so like a fairy story,” Ednah kept repeating, “because there are no people in the house but the servants. It is just as if we had found this

palace with the table set, and the dinner all cooked, and everybody ready to wait on us and give us anything we like. Let's look around and see if we can't find the Sleeping Beauty."

They discovered many interesting things in the course of their search: an old spinning-wheel that had evidently belonged to their heroine, a carved chest where they felt sure her clothes must have been kept, and a pile of old school-books which there was little doubt she had studied.

"She has gone away with the prince," said Ednah, "but this is where she used to live."

Ednah and Donald slept on what they called "golden beds," with comfortable mattresses and soft pillows, but they did not have a better night than on their bed of hay, sleeping ten hours in both cases.

Early in the morning the Beverlys took the train which left them near the camp of their friends. They were met by a buckboard, and driven up the mountain through the great primeval forest.

"I am sure the policeman in Central Park would like to see this," said Donald, as he looked at the huge pines and hemlocks.

Ednah was awed into silence. She had never seen anything so beautiful. For centuries these giant trees had been silently growing, far away from

human eyes. The woods were so thick it seemed almost like twilight, except that the sun came dancing in and out among the branches. It was very still and solemn. Suddenly a blue butterfly flitted past them. Ednah and Donald looked at each other and smiled.

“This is better than the Blue Hill Reservation woods,” they said. They pretended it was the same butterfly that Ednah had set free on that April day.

The Beverlys spent a happy week with their friends, rowing on the lake and taking excursions through the forest, catching fish in mountain streams, and picnicking on mountain rocks.

The time came all too soon when they had to bid their kind hosts good-by, but there still remained the pleasure of the return journey.

It is delightful to be a gypsy when the skies are blue, but quite another matter when it rains.

The Beverlys had three sunny, happy, eventless days, and three peaceful nights, but on the fourth day the weather changed, and late in the afternoon they were caught in a tremendous shower. Ednah was glad enough to climb into the back seat with her mother and Donald. Mr. Beverly put down the curtains of the carryall, and then he drove on and on,

through the desolate country, looking for some place of refuge. There had been many farmhouses earlier in the day when the Beverlys had not wanted their friendly shelter, but now they had come to a stretch of marshy land and a few straggling trees with no house in sight. Even Mrs. Beverly, who was so good at thinking of expedients, had nothing to suggest.

“We shall be sure to get to some house where we can spend the night,” she said.

“It will be horrid to sleep in a house,” grumbled Donald. “They are so stuffy and shut up. Out-of-doors is such a nice big room.”

It grew later and later, and still there was no sign of any house, and no prospect of the rain stopping.

“We shall have to sit up all night and just keep driving,” said Ednah; “it is raining so hard you and father can never have your bed on the grass, even if it clears.”

The children were very hungry, but it was impossible to get at the hamper when the family were in the carriage, so they had to satisfy their appetites with crackers.

“I wish I was at home with Aunt Grace and the little boys,” said Ednah. “I wonder what they had for supper.”

“Probably bread-and-milk and raspberry jam, and little cakes with nuts on top,” said Donald.

“Oh, dear! Crackers are so unsatisfying when you are hungry,” complained Ednah. “And now they are sitting around the fire,” she added, as the rain began to leak into the carryall, “and Aunt Grace is telling them stories. I wish I was at home.”

“So do I,” said Donald.

“Now, my dear children,” said Mrs. Beverly, “this is the very time for you to be plucky and cheerful. Would you like to have missed the fun of the gypsy journey and to have stayed at home with the little boys?”

“No.”

“Then it is ungrateful of you to make a fuss over the first hard rain we have had in more than two weeks. We are very lucky people. If we do not get to a house until the middle of the night it will be an exciting adventure; any one can sleep in a comfortable bed, but it is not every one who has the chance to drive along the desolate country half the night. It will be something to tell the little boys when you get home. And as for the supper, we can imagine that the crackers are all sorts of delicious things. What is the use of having an imagination if you can’t ‘make believe’ at a time like this?

We'll play we are eating turkey and cranberry sauce."

"And ice cream and Salem gibraltars," added Donald.

"And cocoanut cakes and watermelon," Ednah contributed to the bill of fare.

"And raspberries and oysters," added Donald.

"Escalloped oysters with raspberries on top?" Mr. Beverly asked.

"No, father."

"Oh, you mean stewed oysters, with raspberries floating in the broth?"

The children began to laugh, and after this they were not homesick any more.

The Beverlys drove on and on, finally leaving the low ground and going up a long hill. At the top were a little pond and an apple orchard, and what was a far more joyful sight, they saw the outlines of a barn against the deepening twilight. There was no house in view, and it was raining too fast to investigate any farther. The barn door was left hospitably open and Mr. Beverly drove in. There were two lofts, both of them full of fragrant new-mown hay, and nothing had ever seemed quite so comfortable to the tired children as this soft bed. There was no place to make a fire, so they could not have

a varied supper, even after Mrs. Beverly opened the hamper, but now she had thought of the plan of imagining they were eating something different they became so merry over the meal that they did not grumble any more. Mr. Beverly shot the largest deer that had ever been seen in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Beverly performed feats in cooking unequaled by Miss Parloa.

“I’m glad you did not really shoot a deer, father,” said Ednah. “They are such pretty things. I’d rather be eating bakers’ buns than deer you had killed.”

“I’m glad you feel so, Ednah, for deer do not seem to abound in this apple orchard.”

Just as Ednah was going off to sleep she heard the strangest scurrying and scampering of little feet, accompanied by the most peculiar squeals.

“Mother,” she cried, “what is that noise?”

“Mice,” said Mrs. Beverly sleepily.

“Mice! Oh, mother, I’m afraid of mice!”

“Do let me go to sleep. They won’t do you any harm, Ednah.”

“Mother, something fell off the upper loft on me. Oh, mother; it’s a spider, — a horrid spider.”

“Go to sleep,” Mrs. Beverly entreated, in such a weary voice that the little girl said nothing more.

She lay awake for a long time, looking out of the open barn door at the outlines of the apple-trees, and listening to that strange scurrying of little feet. After a time the rain stopped, and the moon — a pale, watery moon, that was only half grown — came out from behind the clouds and sent her silvery beams down on the placid little lake and the black apple-trees. It was so beautiful that Ednah longed to wake her mother, but her voice had sounded so tired that she forbore. She could not resist giving Donald a gentle shaking.

“Ednah, stop,” said Donald crossly. “What’s the matter?”

“It is the moon, Donald. It is so beautiful I had to wake somebody. I didn’t want you to miss it.”

“I don’t care about your old moon,” said Donald; and Ednah, like others before her, was left to wonder sadly at the ingratitude of human nature.

“I’d like to know who told you you could sleep in this here barn.”

Ednah waked with a start and saw a man bending over her father. He had the air of a tramp. His straggly beard had not been shaved for weeks, and he wore rough clothes.

“ Do you own the barn ? ” asked Mr. Beverly.

“ No.”

“ Then how do you happen to be here ? ”

“ I kinder keep an eye out for the owner, so as to see that folks who has n’t any business here don’t spoil his hay by sleeping in it.”

“ You can tell him we are willing to pay for any damage we do. As we are here we may as well spend the rest of the night.”

“ I thought you was gypsies at first,” the man confessed, “ but as soon as you spoke I see you was a gentleman. Are you a peddler ? ” and without waiting for a reply, he added, “ I was a peddler once ; I tramped the country all over with a pack on my back. I know this part of the State as well as I know myself, and I ought to be kinder well acquainted with myself after more ’n fifty years.”

Ednah and Donald were too sleepy to listen to all of the new-comer’s talk, but they caught fragmentary sentences. He appeared to be telling Mr. Beverly the story of his life, and seasoning his narrative with advice.

“ I can give you a good idee what takes with the women folks round here,” he said. “ There’s a new kind of patent fly-catcher they all like ; sort of a whisk-broom affair made of steel. I should advise

you to lay in a good stock of those, and be sure to have plenty of Dover egg-beaters."

Donald gave a low chuckle as he thought of his father stopping at all the farmhouses, with a fly-catcher in one hand and a Dover egg-beater in the other.

Gradually the man's voice sounded farther and farther away, until the tired children lost it altogether.

In the morning the Beverlys were late in waking, for they were so tired. The ex-peddler, who had slept in the upper loft, lingered while Mrs. Beverly was getting breakfast, as if he hoped for an invitation, but he was such an impossible person to invite to a meal that even the kind-hearted Beverlys drew the line there, and contented themselves with handing him some slices of bread-and-butter. The horses and wagon were still in the barn, and Mrs. Beverly was just packing the hamper when an old farmer appeared, who was white with wrath.

"Clear out of here this minute, confound you," he exclaimed. "I've stood this as long as I can. What do you mean by sleeping in other folks' barns without leave, and spoiling their hay? And you are back again, you scoundrel," he said, looking at the peddler. "How many times have I ordered

you off the place, and now you've brought a pack of your rascally friends. I'd like to horsewhip the whole lot of you. I've had tramps here long enough. I've sent to town for a sheriff. He'll be here in half an hour."

Mr. Beverly stated the circumstances of their taking refuge in the barn. "There was no one to ask leave of," he ended by saying, "and it was raining hard."

"You did my hay just as much harm. I'm tired of having gypsies and tramps around."

"We are not gypsies or tramps," Donald electrified his parents by stating. "My father is a sculptor, and my mother is a painter; she makes beautiful pictures."

"Indeed," said the man skeptically. "I'd like to see them."

"I have n't had time to make any sketches on this trip," Mrs. Beverly had to own, "but I have my sketch-book with me, and while we are waiting for the sheriff I will make a picture of you."

The old farmer became deeply interested in his portrait. He could not resist getting up from time to time, and coming to look over Mrs. Beverly's shoulder.

"By jingo!" he said. "She's got in my hat,

torn brim and all ; just as natural, and anybody 'd know my nose."

" We want to get off without any more delay," said Mr. Beverly impatiently. " We are late already. Can't we arrange matters without waiting for the sheriff ? "

" Well," said the man slowly, " I don't suppose he 'd make you pay a fine of more than five dollars."

" Five dollars ! You know that is perfectly unreasonable."

The man looked at Mrs. Beverly's sketch. She was putting in the buttons on his coat.

" You 'd better take a dollar," said Mr. Beverly.

Mrs. Beverly hastily finished the sketch and closed her book. The man looked at her wistfully.

" Guess a dollar 'd be enough if she 'd throw in the pictur," he said.

Mrs. Beverly laughed good-naturedly and tore the leaf out of her sketch-book, and this is why there is not a single picture to mark the gypsy journey ; for when one is cook and housemaid there is very little time left for art.

They all got into the carriage and bade good-by to the ex-peddler ; the gruff old farmer had gone off as soon as he received his dollar. When they came

to a turn in the road, there he stood with a large bunch of wild roses in his hand.

“They are for the little girl,” he said, holding them out in a shamefaced way.

“How lovely they are!” said Ednah, who realized that they were the old man’s form of apology. “Thank you, ever so much; it was so kind of you to pick them.”

The old farmer hesitated a moment, then he said abruptly, “I was fined a dollar once for sleeping in a barn.”

“Oh, that is all right,” said Mrs. Beverly; and he knew and she knew and they all knew what she meant.

“If you could stop at my place I’d be pleased to give you some milk,” said the old man.

“I am afraid we have n’t time,” Mr. Beverly replied.

“Oh, do, father,” Ednah begged. “We are all so fond of milk.”

It was a forlorn house where the old farmer lived, and the Beverlys saw how much their dollar must mean to him. He brought some milk out in a cracked earthen pitcher, and he had a tea-cup in the other hand.

“My tumblers is getting kinder skeerse,” he said.

“I live here all alone, now my daughter’s got married, and I ain’t very enterprising about getting new things.”

“A tea-cup is a delightful sight to us,” said Mrs. Beverly; “we have n’t seen one since we started on our journey.”

“If you ever come round here again, I hope you ’ll stop,” said the farmer.

“Thank you; we will. Good-by.”

That was the last adventure they had during their gypsy journey, but there were two more happy days when the sun shone and the birds sang, days when living was such a pleasure that the children could hardly contain themselves for joy. And then, as if nature wanted to make the return to the old home ways of living more welcome, on the last afternoon it began to rain.

“It will be good to get home to the little boys and Aunt Grace,” said Mrs. Beverly.

“I shall be glad to get where somebody else will take care of the horses,” Mr. Beverly owned.

“It is lovely to camp out,” said Ednah, “but home is best.”

In the doorway, in her dainty white gown, stood Miss Winchester, with a little boy on either side. The children did not stay there long, however; they

came dashing down the avenue the moment the carriage was in sight.

“Nan, you see they are both alive,” said Miss Winchester, “and what is less important but more remarkable, I am too. I have escaped being knocked on the head by a football, and I’ve not been shot by an arrow, or sent into an untimely grave by harrowing anxiety.”

“I hope they have been good boys,” said Mrs. Beverly.

“I fancy they have; but I have learned a good deal about the nature of boys.”

“I imagine so,” said Mrs. Beverly, with a sympathetic laugh. “What would you do if you had the care of four children all the time? I know you made them very happy,” she went on hastily. “Boys, I am sure you have had a delightful time with your aunt Grace.”

“Not as good a time as if you had been here, mother,” said Gordon; while little Jack added, “We’ve had a fine time; but oh, mother, it is good to get you back.”











